

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1811.

NOBLE CHARIOTEERS.

MR. SATIRIST,

THERE is a common saying among us, that "*a man has a right to do what he likes with his own*;" and accordingly we not unfrequently find persons pursuing the most extraordinary, the most disgraceful, the most indefensible course of conduct, and attempting to justify themselves on this principle.

Now, Sir, in the very outset, I must deny the truth of this aphorism, that "*a man may do what he likes with his own*." As well might the wretch, who with his gold hires the assassin's arm against the bosom of his neighbour, exclaim, "*My money is my own*; I have a right to employ it as I think fit!"

But the grand mistake of those who adopt this proposition seems to be their having, in the first instance, grounded it on a false hypothesis; namely, the imagining that *to be their own* which in reality is *not* so.

Man was never designed by his all-wise Creator to live for *himself* only. He was formed a social being, gifted with various faculties and talents both of mind and body, all destined to be employed, not merely for his own advan-

tage, but for that of the community to which he might belong. He is to consider himself as but a part of one grand whole, of one vast chain of beings, every individual link of which alike supports and is supported by the other. Whatever worldly or other endowments, therefore, he may have been blessed with, though, in a particular point of view, they are indeed his own, in a general one they are not so; though virtually and directly they may be said to be his sole property, yet relatively and collaterally they are the property of all around him; and he is consequently bound to consider more than merely his own fancy or advantage in the use and application of them. He is not at liberty carelessly or wickedly to squander, as his own caprice may dictate, what was given to him for the benefit of all: he is not, in short, at liberty to say, "I will employ my faculties in whatever way I fancy"—"I will pass my time as I choose"—or, "I will spend my money as I please, for I have a right to do what I like with my own;"—inasmuch as we have seen that none of these things *are* his own; at least no farther so, than as he makes them conducive at the same time to his own and to the general good.

It is, I should imagine, from the operation of some such principle as that which I am here noticing that we see men spending their time, their talents, and their fortunes, in the most trifling and degrading pursuits; deaf alike to the voice of conscience, of honour, and of virtue. To mention at present but one instance, what shall we say to those of our fashionable youths who compose those renowned societies yclept "*The Four-in-hand Club*,"—"*The Barouche Club*," &c. &c. Born to affluence and honours, many of them descended from the first nobility of the kingdom, it *may* appear to some that they adopt a singular method of upholding their dignities, of maintaining their family honours. Good God! some one may

exclaim, while their fathers grasped the sword in the field, or held the reins of government at home, while the eloquence of their ancestors astonished in the senate, convinced in the pulpit, or persuaded at the bar, shall the sole study and ambition of their degenerate sons be to hold the reins of the mail, and to astonish on the coach-box? Are these our noblemen and men of fashion?

Can such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base,—such mean attainments,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As they are match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of their blood? *

If things go on thus, if our nobility continue thus degenerating, and every age producing a "*progeniem vitiosiore*," who knows but our posterity may behold a Lord Eldon shining on the *Box* instead of the *Bench*, a Lord Wellington proudly driving before him, not four or five French Marshals, but—*four bright bays!*

Now were any unfashionable idiot to expostulate with these worthies on such a disgraceful waste of their time, talents, and fortunes, he would probably be answered, amid sundry genteel oaths and other *slang* expressions, which I will not attempt to set down, through the fear of not doing sufficient justice to them, he would, I say, probably receive for his answer, that "their time, money, &c. were *their own*, not his, and that therefore *they had a right to do as they liked with them.*"

What shall we say then? Shall we allow such to be the fact? No! Mr. Satirist, the talents, the fortunes of these men *are not* their own, for such purposes as they apply them to. To men of their rank in particular the country has a right to look up, and she *does* look up, for her Prelates,

* Shakspeare.

her Judges, her Statesmen, and her Warriors. She calls to them in the voice of authority, but they heed her not; she invites them to the "feast of reason" and honour; but alas, one of these Lords, these gentlemen of fashion and fortune, has heard of a pair of *pie-bulled leaders* at *Tattersal's*, and he must needs go to bid for them; another is consulting on the form of a new *bit à la Buxton*, and prays she will have *him* excused; a third has just got the reins, is that moment mounting the box,—"*all right! go on!*"—and therefore *he* cannot come!

Good God! Mr. Satirist, can these things be? Have these men no souls!

Awake, awake, English nobility!*

Rouse yourselves from this deceitful trance, and prove that you inherit something more from your great fore-fathers than their bare *titles*! Forgetful of every claim which Society has upon you, you now disgrace both your ancestors and yourselves; born to the highest rank, you degrade yourselves to the lowest. Rouse then each of you! and remember that

—————Nobility of blood

Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind,

* * * * *

Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance;
For *virtue comes not by inheritance*:
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitors have done,
And by your *virtue prove yourself their son!*†

* Shakspeare.

† Dryden.

If you think the foregoing observations, Mr. Satirist, worthy a place in your excellent publication, they are much at your service; and, I will add, their insertion will oblige your humble servant,

A constant reader, and

NO WHIP!



ON THE RETREAT OF THE FRENCH FROM
SANTAREM IN PORTUGAL.*

On the proud heights which look o'er Tagus' flood,
In dread array the hostile armies stood;
With jealous vigilance through day and night,
This hop'd the battle, that prepar'd for flight;
The Gallic Chief and his dishearten'd host
Felt the sure failure of their Despot's boast:
Though famine urge, attack he dares not try;
He fears to fight, nor fears he less to fly.
Darkness prevails, and silence strange and drear
Adds to the gloom of night the awe of fear:
Darkness!—save that from Sant'rem's tented height
Massena's watch-fires cast a threat'ning light;
Save where the moon-beams on the waters play,
And the streak'd wave reflects the trembling ray.
Silence!—save where the guard pursues his round,
And gives the word, and steps the hollow ground;
Save where the beating of the distant oar
In less'ning echoes dies along the shore.
But hark!—what sudden murmurs load the gale!
What eager tidings clamour through the vale!

* Written, as we have reason to believe, by the Right Hon. R. B. S.

The gathering drums now speak the spread alarms,
And the loud-breathing clarion sounds to arms.
The foe is fled!—Accurst the treacherous flame,
Which mock'd our watch, and lit him through his shame.
Swift trace his course—scale the cragg'd mountain's
height,

Rush down the precipice, and dare the fight,
Nor let the torrent's rage protect the recreant's flight!

'Tis done—the crimson'd track and scatter'd dead
Proclaim who follow'd, and how fast they fled:
And what could valour more? When safety's near,
Pursuit but wings with speed the flight of Fear.

Day-light returns, sad sight of mortal pain
To those who seek lost friends among the slain;
Huge heaps, alas! of breathless forms are there,
And taint with putrid blasts the balmy air.

Amid the fall'n that load the gory ground,
The piercing groans of living pain resound;
Faint from their wounds, in horrid trance they lie,
With their glaz'd eye-balls fix'd upon the sky.

While senseless blest! return no more vain breath,
Lest keen remembrance barb the pangs of death;
Oh, memory, spare to aggravate their doom,
Spare from their faded thoughts their friends and home;
From their lov'd country turn the ghastly eye,
Nor that way bid them gaze, and gazing die.

But now again urge on the bold pursuit,
Who first shall reach them be our sole dispute;
Poembal and Coimbra shall attest how well
Our troops obey'd, and where their victims fell.

But, oh, what horrors cross the conqueror's way,
Thou Torres Novas, Thomar, Purnes say!

Ye can attest—victims to Gallic faith,
You gave them shelter, and they gave you death;

Low on the earth the murder'd youth is laid,
Who vainly sought to save a shrieking maid;
Before her cottage-door the mother dies,
While on her bleeding breast her infant cries.
These are the boons the Tyrant's oaths afford
To the dup'd wretch that dares to trust his word;
These are the blessings he on all bestows,
Who hope for safety while they're not his foes.
Raise, Lusitania, raise thy drooping head,
Thy bonds are burst, thy boasting foe is fled;
Thy patriot bands by British science taught,
With equal valour have endur'd and fought.
Raise, Lusitania, raise thy thought, and see
What different motives urge thy foe and thee—
His, conscripts forced to guard a tyrant's sway,
Fight but because 'tis death to disobey;
Their hearts with no one noble hope elate,
Desp'rate through shame and rage, they rush on fate,
Die in a cause they scorn, and for a man they hate,
While their poor mangled bodies ne'er shall prove
One pitying mark of care, of grief, or love:
But you, blest patriot band, though Fate deny
Protracted life, and Valour bids you die,
A nation's woe shall wail each hero's fall,
Honor and Friendship shall support his pall;
And o'er his bier while flow'rs and laurels wave,
Protected Beauty's tears will bathe his grave.
Raise, Lusitania, raise thy valiant arm,
Since, taught by Beresford, you scorn alarm;
Where matchless Wellington directs the way,
Trust that to conquer is but to obey;
Or, if you wish an added force to boast,
Hope dauntless Graham yet may join your host;

Or, seek you aid from your dead champions' fame,
 Brave Albuquerque's, ask Romana's claim—
 True to their country, to their honor true,
 Though not *in battle slain*, they died for you:
 To their lov'd manes thy ranks will homage yield,
 And their bright spirits seem to guide the field.
 Raise, Lusitania, raise thy pious prayer,
 That thou, insulted land, still peace may'st share:
 Yes that sweet hour shall come, when Discord fell
 And Fraud shall seek in France their native Hell;
 Then shall the golden grain wave o'er thy ground,
 Again the creaking wine-press shall resound;
 Again thy peasants plant the rescued plain,
 And thy freed fleets glide proudly through the main.
 Raise, Lusitania, raise thy grateful eye,
 And clasp with firm embrace thy true ally:
 Gain not from us the arts of arms alone,
 But learn, like us, to scorn a Despot's throne;
 Learn that in trust for man all power is giv'n,
 Learn to be free, and leave the rest to Heav'n.



BUONAPARTE'S SPEECH TO THE RUSSIAN EMBASSADOR.*

At a Court held on the evening of June 12th, the Emperor Napoleon successively addressed the different Envoys of the confederation of the Rhine with *his usual affability*. His Majesty then whispered some words to the Prussian Ambassador, then turning to the Russian *Minister*, spoke as follows, in a loud and resolute tone:—

* Vide *L'Ambigu*, No. 92.

“ Well, Prince Kurakin, what's this I hear? What am I to understand? What! your Emperor then will make peace with the Turks, with those rascally Mussulmans who are alike the enemies of their own and of the other European governments!—He would fain be master, no doubt—Yes—a pretty master, to give up those rich provinces; those fine military positions, which formed such an admirable defence on the left of his empire, and to abandon the system which was marked out for him by *Peter the Great* and the illustrious Catharine!!—I left him these possessions, and, as I love him, would never have taken them away. My father-in-law of Austria saw this with pain; but I would have appeased and indemnified him, because I wished well to Russia. If your Emperor concludes this projected peace, my conduct towards him will be totally changed!—Doubtless, peace is a desirable object to every Sovereign, but to be advantageous, it must be the consequence of a victory; and what victory has your master gained?—I have heard of marches and skirmishes, but of no decisive battle. You have taken, it is true, some fortresses on the Danube, but there are many others in the possession of your enemy, who also still commands the entrance of the river.—Tell your Emperor that peace can neither preserve nor aggrandize an empire! Since the fate of Europe is now determined by the event of a battle; Princes must seek the aggrandizement of their dominions by the sword—There must be powerful monarchs—it is such only can prosper. I proclaimed your master Emperor of the North; this might have demonstrated my kind intentions towards him. The existence of such an empire was necessary to support my system: but if he abandons this system, I shall change my plans, and bestow on other Potentates the favours which I had destined for him. The interview at Niemen excited proper sentiments in the

heart of my brother Alexander: he promised that he would no more listen to the councils of Strogonoff and Soltikoff, who were sold to the English: he promised never again to treat with the English, and to annihilate their influence. He has not kept these promises—I hear, that he has again been influenced by the English against me, and that the English are still in high favour at Petersburg. *A Prince who is guided by foreign influence is no longer a Monarch, but the puppet of spies and flatterers!*—Prince Kurakin, I rule alone; I am controled by no one! and I am grown wise in the art of governing. When at Erfurth I gave my brother of Russia such advice as made him powerful and respected, while he deigned to follow my *instructions*: but the English faction have again misled him, and I fear he will repent his recent conduct. Austria too was once subservient to the English, who create a party in every State that will receive their gold, and believe their promises. You have seen the event!—She was no longer a mighty Empire—You have seen the state of her finances: she had only a paper currency.—These were the blessings she obtained from England.—She has entered into my continental system, and is already restored to her rank; her finances are also improved. I have given her promises which I shall fulfil, and of this your Emperor should not be jealous. His Empire is large enough!—it only wants those places which I would point out, and which I only desire him to conquer; but he has taken fright, and has ceased to follow the dictates of his heart. Unhappy are those Sovereigns who consult not their own hearts, but are guided by impressions uncongenial to their feelings, and repugnant to their true interests. Your master wishes to be neuter with regard to those measures which I am anxious to adopt against English influence; but this neutrality will destroy him; for in

the contest which I am conducting, either England or the Continent must fall; the result is not doubtful; I have on my side the voice of the people, who are disgusted with English tyranny; I shall succeed, because my enemies are already perplexed, and because I seek to vindicate the law of nations. Ill befall the Sovereigns who withdraw themselves from me, or conspire against me!—Their thrones shall be crumbled into dust!—(*Here the Emperor stampd the floor with his foot.*)—Whence proceeds this sudden rage which has seized your Government? Why these extraordinary levies, which bear no proportion to the population of Russia?—Why these forced marches?—Whom do you menace, or by whom are you threatened? I have not a single soldier on your frontiers; and the only army which I have assembled in Germany is a hundred leagues from your Polish frontier. If you threaten me, a hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen shall again possess themselves of the positions upon the Niemen, which I occupied three years ago. If a French army marches to Petersburgh, to vindicate the peace of the Continent, and disperse the English party who there prevail, you must not blame me, but the British. I wish nothing from the Emperor of Russia,—what would he with me? All is peace on the Continent, except a few seditious Spaniards in the pay of England, whom my armies shall chastise. Think you to seize this moment to attack me? I have only eighty thousand men in Portugal and Spain; and the military force of France is full eight hundred thousand, without reckoning my faithful allies, who form the Confederation of the Rhine. Do you think to frighten me? Do you think I will renounce my projects against Spain and my measures against England? You deceive yourselves; and the very means by which you hope to embarrass me will, on the contrary, facilitate my

views. For three years were the people of the Continent dependent upon the English, who sold us their manufactures and their colonial produce at whatever price they chose to demand. Now they cannot introduce into the ports of Europe an ounce of indigo, a pound of sugar, or a single piece of calico. I except the ports of Russia, which are open to every thing that is English. This is not what my brother of Russia promised. If Sovereigns keep not their words with each other, adieu to all good faith—all confidence must cease. When Austria last attacked me, I had 150,000 men in Spain. On the banks of the Ebro I determined to chastise Austria; and in a month after I was a second time at Vienna. Beware how I am provoked to take the rout of Petersburgh: when I once reach that capital, I shall not stop till I have confined the Empire of the Czars to the Deserts of Siberia and Kamschatka. It befits not France, which for fifteen hundred years has been the most powerful of European nations, to endure the insults of an Empire which is in its infancy, and which, till within these hundred and fifty years, was only conspicuous for the cruelty of its Czars, and for the barbarity of its inhabitants. I know the Emperor of Russia hears not such language as this when in the society of Naraskin. He is there impressed with an idea of his own power. Well! if they urge me, I will, by terrible means, dispel this fatal illusion.

The conquerors of Austerlitz and Eylau are not yet in their graves—they are full of courage and enthusiasm; they will rejoice to resume those positions on the Niemen which I only quitted because my brother of Russia promised me his friendship, and even swore that he would never contend in arms with me again. I then believed our contests were ended; but if he will once more force me to draw the sword against him, I shall not be so easily

persuaded to sheathe it as when I was induced, by his promises, to withdraw myself and my troops from the roads which led to Petersburg. Women are ever the ruin of Monarchs. All the Princesses who have been gained over by the English or by the friends of England, have severely expiated, and bitterly deplored their errors. Nature merely designed woman to increase the human species, and in that light alone ought they to be considered; if we suffer them to interfere with affairs of government, our sceptre will dwindle to a distaff. Write instantly to your court—Say that its politics displease me—that its conduct fills me with inquietude, and that it must annihilate the influence of those women and favourites who have been dazzled and purchased by English gold. I wish for peace—I do not desire war. The happiness of my people engrosses my whole attention; but if I am thwarted in my projects to establish this, my object may be postponed, but it will be more surely achieved hereafter. In the mean time, I can depend upon the zeal of my people; they will not suffer their Emperor to be insulted, while he is planning the foundation of their future prosperity and greatness. You, Prince Kurakin, I except, because I am assured that you are attached to France and to my system. You may still save your master, by frankly repeating to him my words, and by describing to him the devotion of my people to my person, and their zealous co-operation in all my measures against the English.”

Napoleon then drew Prince Kurakin into the middle of the circle, and proceeded as follows, in a tone not quite so elevated, but still sufficiently loud to be heard by the chief majority of the surrounding company:—

"In fact, you must allow, my cousin Kurakin, that your Emperor has been falsely alarmed. The seizing of the *Hanse Towns* was the necessary consequence of the continental system which I had carried into execution, and which has even been, to a certain extent, approved of by himself. These towns were the retreat of smugglers, and the depots of English merchandize. Nothing could be more insulting to the eyes of Europe, than these scandalous and clandestine transactions carried on in despite of my power and the articles of our convention. It was not ambition that urged me to seize these places; for even in times of peace their independence would have been beneficial to me: but I must have harbours, docks, sailors, and ships, to carry on a maritime war, and every thing must yield to this grand object. Your Emperor complains that I have robbed his family, because I seized the little state of the Prince of Oldenburgh, and forced him to seek refuge in Russia; but why was he so obstinate as to resist me, relying on the support of your Emperor. Is it fitting that I should stoop to beg of *Princes*, who in France would scarcely rank with our nobility, favours which they might dare to refuse; and above all, should I suffer them to believe that there is any power upon earth who can impede my measures, or thwart my will? In all times men and their properties have been sacrificed to what you call, in your diplomatic jargon, *Reasons of State*. Men are not to be regarded by the founders of great nations merely as fellow human beings, but as instruments which they are to employ, as subjects who must obey them, and as soldiers who must die for them. In their estimation, the right of property is regarded as nothing; there is no private property which they may not add to their territories, or divide as they please for their own

aggrandizement, without paying any attention to the interests of individuals. I know very well that your Court does not exactly coincide with these principles, and that every body laments the destruction of the unfortunate House of Oldenburgh, which I have so *inhumanly* despoiled; but I should have indemnified this ill-fated House, if its obstinacy had not rendered it unworthy of my favours: I should have removed them from my sphere of action, and placed them on the shores of the Bosphorus, or I should have sent them to my kingdom of Illyria, till I could have indemnified them for their lost possessions upon the Phasus; for my brother of Persia has sent back my Ambassador, to please the English, and has, therefore, exposed himself to my wrath. Prince Kurakin, nothing can resist me: I am armed with a power to which all other powers must yield. I desire not to destroy the thrones of Europe. No, Prince Kurakin, that's not my intention; for I have secretly determined who shall fill them; but if they league against me, if they not only refuse to co-operate with me, but also strive to thwart me by intrigues and resistance, then I owe it to myself, I owe it to the interest of my people, to the success of my plans, to the stability of my empire, to chastise those who insult me, and to annihilate those who endanger my continental system. Europe would long ere this have been at peace, if the most powerful of her Princes would have listened to my advice; but instead of this, they have coalesced to protect interests which are not their own, to recover territories to which they have no right, and to maintain the commercial monopoly and maritime tyranny of the English. The smaller powers are only half Sovereigns, because they require the protection of the greater, and because the Prince who is conscious that he is unable to protect himself cannot preserve

the integrity of his sovereignty; it follows therefore that he must attach himself to some greater power, whose quarrels he is bound to espouse, whose measures he must follow, and whose principles he must adopt, as the price of the protection which he receives. When I divided Germany, I only exercised my right of protection. I should be contented with France, such as she was when I first became her Ruler; but the wars which have been waged against me, convinced me that the European Governments required to be new-modelled, and established upon new principles: and, therefore, all my enterprizes have had for their object to make all other Sovereigns live like me, because they would not permit me to live like them. It has cost my heart much to execute, to its fullest extent, this general plan of re-organization; but if Sovereigns attend too much to their own private feelings, they will often endanger their own safety, and be unable to effect any necessary reformation. If, therefore, I have made the smaller States depend upon me, that ought not to render larger States discontented; I am attached to the most powerful Sovereigns; and I proved this when, to please your Emperor, I suffered Prussia to exist; and when I divorced the woman whom I loved, to espouse the daughter of my brother of Austria. I know your Emperor beheld this alliance with disquietude; but he has no right to complain, for if he had overcome the false pride of an individual of his own family, we should have been more nearly connected. He must not, however, imagine that I regard Austria and her Emperor in a different light since my marriage. This consideration will not induce me to renounce any principle, to pardon any outrage, or to suffer any resistance. Every thing must proceed uniformly as before, and those who presume to deviate from the prescribed line shall feel the weight of

my indignation, according to the measure of their transgression. Apprize your Court of this."

The Emperor spoke with great rapidity—The Prince Kurakin listened to him with unalterable *sang froid*; and after waiting a few moments, to assure himself that his Majesty had nothing more to communicate, made a profound obeisance and retired.

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EPISTLE FROM AN ELECTOR OF ABINGDON

RELATIVE TO

THE FATE OF THE CANICIDE.

O QUIET our fears, Mr. Sat, for your story  
 (" *The Hell-Dog and Canicide*"\*) frightens us sorely,  
 So abruptly it ends that it leaves us in doubt  
 Concerning the *Canicide's* fate and his snout:  
 We are anxious to know, and trust you will tell,  
 If the fiends ate the latter, or dragg'd him to hell;  
 For he promis'd, ere while, if we'd further his plan,  
 And get him elected a Parliament man,  
 That he'd open his purse—that his friends would subscribe,  
 That he'd *rail in the House against rascals who bribe*:  
 In short, Mr. Sat, he solemnly swore  
 Corruption was eating the State to the core;  
 And, therefore, he car'd not a d—n for the cost,  
 Since by getting a seat he could save us ere lost:  
 Now if these cursed *hell-dogs* have snatch'd him away,  
 The State will be ruin'd, and we—*without pay*!  
 And if his *snout* only be lost to the nation,  
 E'en that must be deem'd a disqualification;

\* See the *Satirist*, No. 47.

For it ne'er should be said that a Whig borough chose  
A member who could not divide with the "noes."\*

And now, since the secret no more can avail,  
I'll tell you, friend Sat, a most comical tale—

A twelvemonth ago, more or less, to this town  
Came *Peter the Wild* with the *Canicide* down :  
They tamper'd, they secretly canvass'd for votes,  
And honey-like promises flow'd from their throats ;  
A meeting of patriots was privately held ;  
First they talk'd of disasters in Spain and the Scheldt—  
Then PETER grew loud in the praise of his friend,  
(Sure enough we all thought that his speech had no end)  
Talk'd of bribes and corruption, their cause and preven-  
tatives,

Prov'd the latter consisted in *pure* representatives ;  
Then hinted the *Canicide's* PURITY might,  
If we would elect him, set all things to right.  
At first this idea was indignantly scouted,  
For many the *Canicide's* purity doubted,  
And old *Tally-ho*, in a passion, cried, "Zounds !  
" Shall we choose for our Member *a slayer of hounds* ?  
" A fellow, believe me, who'd murder a brute,  
" Must be rotten at heart, and unsound at the root !"

Now a sage Undertaker—'mong patriots a wit,  
Who ne'er was consider'd a *stickler* for Pitt,  
Jump'd up and exclaim'd, in a Stentor-like strain,  
" Don't libel the *Canicide's* root—I'll maintain  
" That a man for the Senate was ne'er better bred ;  
" Oft times with his father, on night-stool and bed,

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\* The two last letters have, we apprehend, been accidentally transposed by our poetical correspondent.

" I've check by jowl labour'd—oft bottom'd a chair,  
 " Stuff'd many a sofa with flock, wool, and hair.  
 " An upholst'rer he was, and a rare undertaker,  
 " Who's more fit than the son of a *cabinet maker*,  
 " T' expose and to punish all *cabinet crimes*?  
 " I say he's the man for these terrible times:  
 " Let the *Canicide* then have each free voter's voice,  
 " I'll prove by sound logic he's worthy our choice.  
 " The man who in youth oft constructed a *bed*,  
 " Will stick to his *post* and will ne'er want a *head*:  
 " If Ministers sin, he'll not spare them an inch,  
 " But *screw* out the truth, and then give them a *winch*;  
 " He'll *bolster* our *credit*, in spite of French *tricking*,  
 " For no man on earth better understands *ticking*:  
 " He'll give all a *tester* who chance to be lacking,  
 " Since riches he got, like a soldier, by *sacking*.  
 " Should the Regent still higher raise Tories' renown,  
 " Our *feather-bed* Member can soon bring them *down*!  
 " Then let us, my friends, next election create  
 " This *pillow-man's* offspring a *pillar of State*!"

The orator finish'd—Each patriot elector  
 Stretch'd forth his op'd hand to his future protector.  
 The *Canicide's* tears flow'd fast from his sockets,  
 But devil a *tester* came out of his pockets.  
 Still he promis'd us more than I'll venture to tell—  
 But then if the *fiend-dogs* have dragg'd him to hell,  
 Or ravish'd his *snout*, as we fear from your tale,  
 His promises, d—n him, will nothing avail!

Sad mischief, alas! have these *fiends* by their nabbing  
 done,

I'm yours, Mr. Sat,

AN ELECTOR OF ABINGDON.

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\* "TO WINCH," to kick or spurn, to screw with a bed-winch.—  
*Vide Bailey's Dict.*



## BURDETT'S BOND.

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Cujuslibet rei simulator ac dissimulator. SALLUST.

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MR. SATIRIST,

I HEARTILY agree with you that the private characters of all candidates for popular favour should be open to public examination and free animadversion; and if an adulterer has assumed the mask of virtue, and thus smuggled himself into popularity, there can be no more moral turpitude in tearing off his disguise, and exhibiting him to those whom he may have duped in his true colours, than there would be in stripping the Devil of canonical robes, if he should ever ascend the pulpit, and pretend to expound the mysteries of the Gospel. In the last number of the Satirist there are several allusions to a transaction, in which one of the greatest political impostors that ever defrauded the ignorant of applause is deeply implicated; and if all the circumstances of that transaction are black as they have been represented, Sir Francis Burdett will, I trust, experience the same contempt and public obloquy that has been the fate of his *worthy* associate Gwillim Lloyd Wardle!

The Baronet's friends have always urged the *purity* of his moral conduct as presumptive evidence of his political *integrity*; and he has himself frequently hinted, and, in the case of his Sovereign's son, explicitly declared, that no public trust ought to be reposed in any man whose private life was not "*omne exceptione major.*"

I shall not here enter into an examination how far political integrity may be compatible with moral depravity,

but it must be allowed, that when a man makes his moral conduct the foundation of his political reputation; when he and his friends publicly declare that there is danger in trusting those whose characters are not thus established, neither he nor they have any right to complain, if, finding that foundation rotten, I endeavour to destroy the deceitful fabric.

You, Sir, must well remember the cry of the Burdetites when a certain book, supposed to contain a collection of royal scandal and *tittle-tattle*, was destroyed. You cannot forget how anxious they were to impress the public with an idea that its contents were of the most criminal description, and how artfully they insinuated that if this were not the case, there would not have been so much money expended to have it suppressed!—Now, Sir, I want to know if we are to hear any thing further of Sir Francis Burdett's *bond*—of the *consideration* which he received—of the motives which induced him to request it might be delivered up, and the amount of the instalments which he had paid returned—of the child which he is reported to have begotten in adultery—of the woman whom he is reported to have seduced, and of the friend whom he is said to have betrayed, whose marriage-bed he is accused of having defiled? I say, Mr. Satirist, are we to hear no more of *these* interesting subjects?—What has become of Mr. Warren's evidence?—what has become of Sir Francis Burdett's letters to Mr. Scott, which the latter pledged himself to produce in Court, stating that their contents would completely establish all his charges against the Baronet? Is all this to be *suppressed*?—Mr. Scott is not rich, Sir Francis is.—Has the latter, since he found that *family considerations* would not restrain the former from defending himself, at the expense of a relation's reputa-

tion, tried the effect of *money*?—Has he given up his *claim* to that which he is reported to have destined for the support of his adulterous offspring?—In short, has Mr. Scott been *bribed to silence*?—And does the Baronet hope that all will be thus buried in oblivion, and that he will still be considered a pattern of morality and conjugal felicity?—I by no means wish to insinuate that such is actually the case, but I do actually wish to know if we are to expect any further information relative to this *dirty business*; or, if the public are to form their opinion from the *facts* which have already transpired?—In the latter event, Sir Francis must be considered GUILTY; for the only evidence that has yet been produced is decidedly *against him*; and it is not probable that *he* would have procured the *suppression* of any thing in his favour. Indeed, upon his own principles, we have a right to conclude, that any facts which may have been *suppressed* are of the most disgraceful nature!—At any rate, such of the Electors of Westminster as have either sense or honesty (alas! there are too many of them without either) will, I hope, require some explanation before they again choose him for their parliamentary representative.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

RHADAMANTHUS.



## THE LORD MAYOR AND THE SWALLOW.\*

A FABLE.

*By Owen Ap Hoel, Esq.*

A SWALLOW once, of some ambition,  
 Grew discontented with his lot,  
 Resolv'd to better his condition,  
 He left the humble straw-roof'd cot,  
 And to the city straight repair'd.—  
 Long through the noisy streets he flew,  
 As various buildings caught his view,  
 And at the Bank and at St. Paul's he star'd.

The Mansion-house he saw at length,  
 Less fam'd for beauty than for strength;  
 The heavy pediment he ey'd,  
 On massive, pond'rous columns rais'd.  
 "Oh, this will do," the swallow cry'd,  
 "And for this shelter Heav'n be prais'd!"  
 His plan was form'd, to work he went,  
 Busy on rapid wing he flew,  
 Gather'd, from every pool, cement,  
 And soon his mansion rose to view.

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\* As this fable was written *some years since*, there can be no *personal* allusion intended by it—but it is hoped the Corporation of London will take the swallow's *hint*, and remove those hovels which disgrace many of the public buildings, particularly the Exchange.

When my Lord Mayor was seen below,  
With solemn pace,

And busy face,

The mighty man walk'd to and fro,

And as he breath'd a fervent pray'r

That he might be a *City Knight*,

For *once* he *upward* turn'd his sight ;

" Ho, ho!" quoth he, " what have we here?

" Was ever seen such plan absurd?

" With mud-built dwellings to deface,

" And bring our mansion to disgrace!

" How dare you do it, saucy bird?

" Our country, I affirm, is undone,

" If disrespect be paid to London;

" In vain shall Architecture strive

" To make her fame for ever live ;

" In vain our thousands we expend,

" Her various beauties to extend,

" If to such varlets we give quarter,

" Who daub our proudest domes with mortar."

The swallow heard, and made reply,

(Swallows, 'tis said, can now and then

Be eloquent—as *Aldermen*),

" My good Lord Mayor, lay anger by ;

" I am, myself, an architect,

" And to the art would pay respect.

" I own, my Lord, I view with pity

" The hovels which disgrace the city.

" Since you condemn my humble cell,

" It very justly follows,

" My Lord, that you observe full well

" What's done by *City swallows*.

(" That you have *swallows*, who can doubt ?

" The world, long since, have found that out.)

" My Lord, now let your eye first range,

" And see where most the plague infests ;

" View that grand pile, your proud EXCHANGE,

" 'Tis there they rear their filthy nests.

" Could from the grave peep up old GRESHAM,

" How would the angry Founder thresh 'em.

" I mark'd it well, and thought it hard

" That dirty hovels should disgrace

" The merchants' fane—a sacred place,

" The fane to mighty Plutus rear'd ;

" But wonder ceas'd when I was told

" Those hovels brought your Worship gold.

" Your churches too, of taste so fine,

" Those edifices call'd divine,

" I wonder not that it befalls

" That they are hugg'd by cobblers stalls ;

" From every little nook out pop

" Cooks', fishmongers', and butchers' shop.

" Alas, poor church !

" The citizens, once thought so staunch,

" Now leave thee in the lurch,

" And to thy solemn face prefer a *haunch*."

" What!" cried his Worship, "'twere absurd

" Thus to be flouted by a bird :

" And, saucy Sir, I give you warning,

" Down comes your nest to-morrow morning ;

" And for yourself, I will commit ye,

" Straight to the Compter of the City."



In perter strain, replied the swallow,

" *Sir Wisdom*, no—it will not follow

    " As you determine :

    " You'd better hunt the city vermin ;

    " And, if you would be reckon'd wise,

    " Leave me in peace to catch my flies.

" My worthlessness is my protection,

" *Profit* and *loss* will raise objection

" Against your cruel sentence :

" You will but dearly buy repentance.

" How would it in your ledger look,

" The merchant's dearest, holiest book ?

" The world would say you wanted brains ;

    " Nay, than all *Bedlam* you were madder,

    " Who paid for rearing up a ladder,

" And got a *bird's nest* for your pains.

" But were my nest of that \* rare sort

" Which *Epicureans* oft import

" From *Indian* climes at vast expense ;

    " Or had I been an *ortolan*—

    " So near to gormandizing man

" To build my nest would not have shewn my sense ;

" For then it had been doom'd to fall ;

" Wife, little-ones, nay, house and all,

    " Had down thy gullet

" Soon follow'd turtle, haunch, and pullet."

" Hum !" cried my Lord—and went to 'Change—

Leaving the swallow free to range.

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\* There is a bird's-nest imported from India, which is eaten by *Epicures* as a very great dainty.

## INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

*Letter from PIGAULT-LEBRUN, Reader and Librarian to King JEROME BUONAPARTE, to his Friend REAL, Privy Counsellor of the Emperor NAPOLEON.*

“WELL! my excellent counsellor, but very bad prophet, you see I am still here, notwithstanding you prophesied that I should soon be sacrificed by the caprice of Jerome to the hatred of Napoleon.—Yes, I am still at the Court of Westphalia, and in increasing favour; a librarian without a library, and a reader to a Prince who detests books. I do not read, but I relate stories; I somewhat resemble the Princess Scheherazade, of whom the Sultan required every evening one of those tales which she related so facetiously.

“If you are informed that there is a Court upon earth free from *ennui*, where there is no etiquette, no intrigues, very few dress balls and state dinners; in which perfect freedom of manners has taken refuge, together with the most luxurious pleasures and elegant vices: where the courtiers write lampoons and epigrams on their master, who in his turn ridicules them; if you are told there is a country where no person cares for politics, where the Government is without inquietude, and the police without activity; where even the existence and name of Napoleon would be forgotten, if it were not reminded of him by his spies, by the instructions which he sends its Ministry, and by the rather rude remonstrances with which he favours his younger brother: if you are, assured that that Court is the Court of *King Jerome*, and that country the kingdom of Westphalia, you will exclaim that it is improbable, nay,

that it is impossible!—Improbable enough I will grant you, but if you think it impossible, come hither and convince yourself. It is true that many attempts have been made to effect a change in these respects—Some people would fain have obscured our horizon with the same clouds that envelop the palace of the Thuilleries, but they have not succeeded.—We are still gay, in spite of that dark policy which would devote us to the torments of hatred and suspicion, and to the shackles of rigid etiquette and repulsive reserve. Napoleon has sent us instructions which we have not followed; orders which we have not obeyed, and monitors whom we have corrupted. These last, on their first arrival, began to remonstrate, and were mighty sullen when they found we paid no attention to their lectures;—but they soon caught our contagion: our loose morals and our unrestrained manners captivated them, and they afterwards never wrote any thing about us which we did not dictate. In short, we can say with great truth—*‘Paris is no longer at Paris, it is entirely with us!’*

“You know Prince Jerome, and you can well imagine that his present situation has not greatly altered his character.

“Less watched, and rather less under the tyranny of his brother, he gives himself up more extravagantly to the gratification of his appetites; but, excepting that he has laid aside that boisterous manner, which is one of the characteristics of all the Buonapartes, and that he is now a libertine without being scandalized, and a debauchee without drunkenness, he is still the same. ‘But the Queen,’ you will exclaim, ‘whose manners are so cold, and whose morals are so rigid, how does she accommodate herself to such a Court?’—Ah, my dear friend, the Queen despises us too much to interfere with our conduct, or complain of our transactions.

“Buonaparte is very importunate in his inquiries rela-



tive to our having no heirs to the Crown—But how is it possible to bring two such heterogeneous compositions into contact, who could mix their opposite elements?—Love, all-powerful love, could alone work this miracle—but even he cannot begin where there is no point of contact, and, as I believe, never will be. This is the secret relative to our King, for you may suppose he dares not wilfully disobey his brother's order to increase and multiply.

“ Nothing could be more comical than the scene of the first night after his marriage. The King sometimes amuses himself with describing it to us at our little orgies.

“ Image to yourself a man, whose wife is still living, a young Corsican, a Jerome Buonaparte, the son of a tradesman of Ajaccio, the brother of him who has caused so many tears to be shed by the Princes and Princesses of Europe:—imagine him abruptly approaching a haughty and timid Princess, who despises his intreaties, and pursuing her into the arms of Madam Westerholt, her governess, in which she had sought her refuge:—imagine the cunning smiles of the maids of honor, and the blushes of her female friends, all waked by the unexpected noise.—Imagine Jerome addressing his wife next morning with a bantering air, and her, having gotten the better of her timidity, treating him with the most provoking *hauteur*, and you will have but a faint idea of this unique scene, which I propose to convert into a romance, to be published when I am no longer interdicted by Napoleon from writing novels. From this time the Princess has treated us with contempt, and we have paid her for it well. Two consummate intriguers, Bonneuil and Reitz, whom we placed about her person, by their studied civilities, by their lively and playful conversation, and by their address in gratifying her taste for French fashions, which they taught her to admire, have completely gained her confidence.—

The King has five mistresses, but this is managed with as much address as decency. The confidants of the Prince appear to keep them for their own accommodation. As for me, I am in the Gothic building of the Napoleonshoehe, with the amiable Caroline, whose sweet voice and fragile form turned all the heads of Paris. Personne, the physician, is the supposed husband of a German Countess, whom we stole from Munich. This is the Juno of our little suppers; mine is the Hebe. The great Simeon, our Minister of Justice, little supposes that his wife is employed by her as *Lady of the Bedchamber*. The little Heberti, after having long shone among the sprightly votaries of Terpsichore, has agreed, with that condescension which love alone can inspire, to vegetate in an obscure place, for the *ennuis* of which she appears to be amply compensated by the preference of the King. But this he wishes to be kept a profound secret, lest the amiable girl should be taken away by an order of Buonaparte, as was, last year, the fate of little Henin, who followed us from Paris to Cassel. The private secretary covers with his protecting wing a charming Italian, who paints like Kauffman and sings like Festa; and whom the Prince Borghese had concealed in the suburbs of Paris, but our spies soon detected the place of her retreat. The history of this girl is a perfect romance, and the incidents of her residence here, her jealousies, her caprices, her tendernesses, her coolness, and her intrigues, would afford a most diversified and agreeable entertainment:—but alas! I am no longer permitted to write romances!—To conclude; the fifth of our houris was the pupil of one of our ministers; but having been left by him to the compassion and generosity of our King, we seduced her. She was not then under the protection of any person, but an orphan solely dependent upon our benevolence, whom, out of regard to the memory

of her instructor, we afforded the comfort of one of those numerous cottages which are scattered about the royal gardens. It would require the pencil of Rousseau to describe properly the progress and consequences of her seduction, preceded by every possible resistance that could have increased its delights, and followed by every species of remorse that could render it gratifying. But I cannot paint like Rousseau, and am, alas! merely the Calot\* of sentiment.

Besides the last mentioned trick which our brother the emperor has played us, there is another which we have more at heart because we suspect it is the fruit of the Queen's contrivance. Tornezy formerly a Genoese bankrupt, but who, through the interest of the Princess Pauline, was appointed banker to the court of Westphalia has a charming wife. To see her and to love her was, with our king, the effect of a moment, and his passion was soon gratified. After many obstacles which Madame Etiquette opposed to the will of our sovereign, it was at length contrived that this new mistress should be presented. This difficulty being overcome, they were under less restraint. It delights us to adorn those whom we love. Madam Tornezy displayed the finest diamonds, and the most elegant dress of the court. We are always flattered when public admiration justifies the choice of our heart; but whenever we display our joy on these occasions we generally excite a little envy. Thus after the balls and fetes commenced, the Queen, finding herself neglected, ceased to appear, leaving her rival the sole object of flattery and attention.—We all told the king that this could not last long, and advised him to beware lest this amour should end unhappily. But elevated by his love, he pretended

\* Calot was a celebrated caricaturist.



that he would not be controled, that he would oppose the tyranny of his brother, and that he wished for an opportunity of achieving something that would astonish Europe. One morning, however, at about four o'clock, a courier arrived from Napoleon bringing a special and peremptory order to Simeon, commanding him instantly to send away, upon his own responsibility, and, if possible, without the knowledge of the king, Madam Tornezy, and her husband. Simeon, with tears in his eyes, went to the king, and communicated to him this command, which neither permitted of delay nor reflection, and which they could find no pretext for disobeying. Alas, King Jerome's courage had now deserted him; he became as much alarmed and as submissive as Simeon, and at six o'clock Madame Tornezy quitted Cassell with her husband, whom, by way of compensation, they permitted to keep his casket. You will think, perhaps, that the more complete was our submission, the more loud would be the expressions of grief which it occasioned, but it is only at our little suppers, in the Napoleonshoehe, where we neither dread traitors nor spies, that we manifest any signs of discontent.

Though I have told you that at our court we have few balls and dinners, we are sometimes obliged to attend public ceremonies. Our court is on the exact model of the Thuilleries, it is truly magnificent, and it is seldom but on these occasions that we see the ministers of state. The King likes these formal assemblies less, because he must appear beside the Queen, whose beauty, fine complexion, and *en-bon-point* form a singular contrast with his little lean figure, yellow skin, and that ugly physiognomy which distinguishes his family. His ease, however, supplies the place of noble carriage and his effrontery that of Majesty. It is upon these occasions that he always, in imitation of his brother, endeavours to discover in the dress of those who

are presented to him, or who are in the habit of attending the Court, something which is contrary to established *etiquette*, which he turns into ridicule, and is the first to laugh at his own jests with those who have occasioned them. He knows that Napoleon will be informed of this, and that it will cause him to smile.

“The dress of the King is superb; it is usually white, magnificently embroidered with gold, and decorated with his various insignia and a profusion of diamonds.

“Lately a young man named Rossi, colonel in the service of the Prince of Piombino, to whom he was related, and who by that title was received at Court, where he was much admired by the ladies, attempted to take precedence of a lieutenant of the King's guards. His Majesty quickly placed himself between the disputants and exclaimed—‘What! shall a colonel of the Pope's soldiers—a man in the service of an insignificant Duke of Piombino, presume to rank above a lieutenant of my guards!—Mr. Rossi, if you don't know your place, I must shew it you.’

“M. Rossi wrote to the Prince of Piombino, who complained to the Emperor; the latter answered—‘Recall your little coxcomb of a cousin, my brother is right; he must have his rank respected.’—Thus goes the world, or rather the *New World*.

“You are well acquainted with Napoleon's style, having often written what he has dictated; but, perhaps, you have never seen any of his confidential epistles to his brothers. I will quote one on a subject which I have reason to remember, on account of its consequences to myself. After the departure, or rather the banishment, of Madame Tornezy, King Jerome received the following letter, written with Napoleon's own hand:—

“ ‘ My Brother, Jerome Napoleon,  
King of Westphalia,

“ ‘ All that I hear of you proves that my advice, my instructions, and my commands, scarcely make any impression on you. Business and public ceremonies fatigue you.—Know that the state of a King is a business which must be studied, and that there is no King without pomp. You are devoted to your table and to your women. Your feasts will brutalize you, and your women will betray you.—Act like me.—Sit only half an hour at your table—have only promiscuous intercourse with women, and keep no mistresses.—The Prince of Paderborn, whom I appointed your almoner, writes my ecclesiastical minister, that you never consult him on religious subjects. This is wrong.—Every thing should occupy your attention—even religion. You have sent your chamberlain, Merfeldt, to Hanover, because, as you told him, his continued lectures about etiquette fatigued you.—Ha! how should you ever act the part of a King if nobody instructs you?—Was not I forced myself to take lessons, and not a few?—Recall Merfeldt as if on your own accord!—The Queen is neglected by you.—Ah, bl—d \* \* \* \*, villain! is she not of sufficient rank for you?—I hear no report of her being pregnant, notwithstanding my anxiety to see a race of *your mixed breed*. If you run after other women, and keep nightly orgies, you certainly will have no legitimate offspring. You used the Queen ill when you pretended to be jealous of Baron Seckendorf, whom I appointed a colonel in your service, at the recommendation of the Duke of Wirtemburgh, who has a great friendship for the young man’s father. It is to cover your own debauchery that you accuse your wife. But remember, if she has no children by you, I’ll take care she shall by some other



person. I have communicated my further intentions to your minister Simeon, and he will apprize you of them."

(Not Signed.)

I assisted king Jerome, who cannot very well read his brother's writing, to decypher this letter—"Pegault," said he, "upon the honour of a king I will keep the secret, but you, who are a literary Proteus, must do me the favour of answering this letter, in the emperor's own style—I will copy it without examining what you have written."

Alas, I knew not the disposition of kings, and less than all that of the Buonaparte's. Beneath is the fatal letter which I composed on the instant, and which was actually copied, and sent by king Jerome exactly as it came from my cursed pen.

"My august Brother, Napoleon,  
Emperor of the French.

"I have received the counsels of your majesty and respect them—since by your command I became king, I give orders but receive none—Your majesty reproaches me for loving the table; I admit that as I do not like to banquet upon the smoke of glory, I seek a repast more substantial; I am an epicure but no glutton, which is all you can expect of a king. You desire me to have promiscuous amours but no mistresses; the former may suit those who only seek physical enjoyment, or who violate those women whom they can neither seduce nor purchase. I possess sentiment, and have no relish for those pleasures, of which the heart does not partake. It is this refined delicacy which distinguishes the love of men from that of brutes. Your majesty complains of my conduct towards my queen. Your majesty chose to compel me to

marry her, but you cannot force me to love her—You ask ‘if she is not great enough for me.’ You have often told me that nothing was great enough for the brother of Napoleon, when you have been speaking of my former degrading marriage. If I am proud it is you have made me so. I did not wish for a great alliance, as your majesty well knows. You reproach me for not liking grandeur. I do not like it; it makes me weary, and if it pleased me, it would not suit my size and shape; two things which you know are not in our family remarkably prepossessing; in other respects I model my conduct after yours; I dress like you, what would you more? The prince of Paderborn is a dotard who made me yawn by his eternal formalities and long masses; I ought to keep him, because you presented him to me, but nothing obliges me to listen to his discourses on ecclesiastical affairs, of which I neither know, nor wish to know any thing. I leave them all to your minister of worship. I believe in this I conform to your intentions. I appointed Merfeldt a magistrate of Hanover because he is more fit for an administrator of justice, than for an agreeable chamberlain. I don’t like to employ foreigners about my person. I Germanize the names of all those who are so employed. I can do no more to fulfil your wishes without injuring myself in the opinion of my subjects.

J. N.

Rapp, who was at this time going to resume his government at Dantzick, dealt the thunder of the Thuilleries Jupiter. We felt some anxiety after we had sent this letter, but we little dreamt of the dangers with which we were threatened. Rapp, on his arrival, surprised us in the middle of a little supper given to the favourite of the day. At which Furstenbergh and Witzengerode, two

Germanized favourites, were also present, together with myself, the miserable author of the fatal epistle. Rapp entered with that familiarity you are so well acquainted with. I think he assumed an air of more than common importance; he was accompanied by an officer of the king's guards.—“Sire, said he, “I am charged with a disagreeable commission, which neither allows of delay nor resistance; I have it from your brother, whom I left in a state of irritation and fury alarming to witness and impossible to describe. I can assure your majesty that it is owing to the promptitude of my departure that he has not treated you with more severity; for it was to be apprehended that in the revolutions of his rage which rapidly succeeded each other, he would have determined upon some proceeding much more terrible than that which I am to execute. King Jerome began to turn pale, and with difficulty desired Rapp to be seated: instead of offering him a glass of wine, he drank a bumper himself, to recruit his courage. Furstenbergh cast the most menacing looks at the envoy of Napoleon; Witzingerode frowned at him; as for me, I remained mute and confused like a culprit; Rapp read us the terrible decree which was couched in the following language:

*“Mandate of the Emperor.”*

Our aide-de-camp, general Rapp, must set out immediately for Cassel; he is to see Muller, commander of the Westphalian hussars, and take him to the King, whom he is to commit to his custody. The King is to be under arrest for eight and forty hours. Pigault Lebrun, the author of the insolent letter which our brother sent us, shall be committed to prison for two months, and afterwards sent to France under a safe escort. We invest general Rapp with full powers to require the public assistance, in case any one should be obstinate enough to oppose the execution of our commands,

NAP.



"This will not do," exclaimed Furstenberg, "I shall assemble the guards, it is degrading royalty to correct a King like some idle schoolboy!—Muller you are acting the part of a villain." "Be calm, Furstenberg," said the King, with tears in his eyes, "and will not contend with Muller, or Rapp. Resistance is folly when our strengths are so unequal. I shall be spared, no doubt; I will submit to my arrest; you Pigault deliver yourself up to imprisonment, I shall expedite a warrant to render your commitment legal." "Alas, I obeyed, but the jailor refused to receive me; there was something singular in my situation; I was obliged to deliver up myself to an officer of justice, to whom I explained that an order of the king sent me to prison, but he would not take me into custody till he was assured that it was the will of his majesty.

What a night! How I cursed my evil stars which placed me in such a situation! Fifteen days was I without consolation, except that those who saw me seemed interested in my fate: the sixteenth, as I was walking sorrowfully in a court fifteen feet square, with a state prisoner who had been in the confidence of the old elector, and who is detained by Napoleon till he discovers where the treasures of his master are hidden, I saw a young man enter, who concealed his countenance till, by the order of the jailor, my companion left me, when I discovered it was my, or rather *our* Caroline. "Poor Pigault," said she, "how much you have suffered. We all sincerely lament your fate; but this Napoleon is tremendous:—and that villain Rapp has left here a host of spies. It is for you that our little king submits to all this. He swears he will resign his throne if they bereave him of you. Ah! you have more wit than all of us; and I even believe, that you impart some to us. I know not whether it proceeds from a want of wit or gaiety; but we have been perfect brutes since you left us. Dear

Jerome speaks only of you : he wrote such a submissive letter to Othello, (which is the nick-name the little fellow has given Napoleon) that he hoped it would shorten your imprisonment and keep you near him. He was answered, that you should be free if he would send you from him, or, that he might keep you, if you were treated for three months with the severity due to those who had merited a dungeon. Thus, my friend, you must either resolve to leave us, or remain longer in your melancholy abode. See you, we dare not. To offer you consolation would either deprive us of you altogether, or prolong your imprisonment."—"I have already determined!" I exclaimed; "I would remain six months in a dungeon, rather than trust to the perfidious clemency of Napoleon." I felt my cheek moistened with a tear which the amiable girl had dropt upon it, as she bade me adieu. For two months and a half afterwards I never saw the light; but during these last five days I have enjoyed pleasures after pleasures, the greatest of which is that of writing to you.

You will now, my dear counsellor, know the occasion of my long silence. Communicate it to our mutual friends; tell them that if my fancy is extinguished, my heart is still the same, and that my affection for them is lively as ever.\*

PIGAULT LEBRUN.

*Cassel. Thursday.*

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\* See *L'Ambigu*, No. 286.

ODE TO THE GREAT KATTERFELTO.

BY OWEN AP HOEL, ESQ.

*Poet Laureat to the Pandemonium Society,  
at the Crown and Anchor.*

———Amphora cœpit  
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit.      HORACE.

A splendid vase of wond'rous size  
Was promis'd to our longing eyes ;  
The wheel went round, but what?—'tis true—  
A base, crack'd pipkin rose to view.

I.

HAIL to thee, Katterfelto, hail!  
Thou spread'st the Patriot's vent'rous sail,  
Amid the tempest brave ;  
In vain around thy head it roars,  
Thou, without compass, rudder, oars,  
High boundest o'er the wave.

II.

Fearless thou driv'st before the gale,  
Nor shrinks thy soul, nor cheek turns pale,  
Thy heart with iron ribb'd is ;  
While dastards shake with coward fear,  
A Patriot trembles not, though near  
Fell Scylla and Charibdis.

III.

Virtue he wears his deeds to cloak,  
Morality with him's a joke,



Yet must he moral *seem*.  
The DEVIL, it is said, like thee,  
Would ever virtuous seem to be,  
Though virtue's but a dream.

IV.

But should a brother Patriot tear  
Thy cloak from thee, and lay thee bare  
To prying mortal eyes,  
Thou still can'st run thy desperate race,  
With all thy native power of face,  
Nor feel one blush arise.

V.

Go on! thy mighty plan pursue,  
Nor heed the sneering virtuous crew  
Who fling their jibes at thee:  
The vulgar soul let bonds confine;  
From ties both human and divine,  
A PATRIOT should be free.

VI.

Tom Paine, that darling child of Treason,  
Asserted, in his "*Age of Reason*,"  
"That Nature had no yearning;  
"That man should feel not in this life  
"For brother, parent, child, or wife."—  
What patriotic learning!!

VII.

Thou who hast drunk at Tom's pure fount,  
Can'st vulgar prejudice surmount,

*Ode to the Great Katterfelto.*

And Nature's voice despise —  
 Thou from thy Infant's hand canst tear  
 The half-gnawn crust thou placed'st there,  
 Deaf to her piteous cries.

## VIII.

ADULT'RY!—Why, there was a time  
 When, by the weak, 'twas held a crime,  
 And FRIEND a sacred name :  
 But thou, O gallant KATTERFELTO,  
 O thou canst kiss, and thou canst *tell too*—  
 Thou, daring imp of Fame.

## IX.

Canst bravely make a fair one frail,  
 Then ruthless rend away the veil,  
 Nor feel compunction's smart ;  
 And whilst the HUSBAND is carest,  
 And hugg'd in *friendship* to thy breast,  
 Canst stab him to the heart.

## X.

Shrewd patriot actors ne'er neglect  
 The pow'ful aid of stage effect—  
 Thus in a recent scene,  
 When enter'd guards, we saw thee stand,  
 With *Magna Charta* in thy hand,  
 Thy friend and son between !

## XI.

Then didst thou heave the fraudulent sigh,  
 Though reeking from "ADULT'RY's sty,"  
 And clasp a virtuous wife,  
 Who press'd thy lips with love sincere,  
 (ADULT'RY's kiss not tasted there)  
 And parted as from life.

XII.

A man above all human feelings,  
A hypocrite in all his dealings,  
A PATRIOT e'er should be!  
And *such a man* if thou would'st find,  
O WESTMINSTER, and art not blind,  
Lo! KATTERFELTO's he!

XIII.

O sapient City, thus to you  
I hold the Patriot up to view!  
This *freeman* make your choice!  
Who best pleads *Freedom's* cause?—"Tis he  
Who both with God and Man makes *free*!—  
Then give him every voice!

XIV.

The arch old Fiend of Wimbledon  
Shall hail him as his darling son.  
And, glorying in his fame,  
The CANIBIDE shall join the yell,  
And every howling imp of H—ll  
Shout KATTERFELTO's name:

XV.

Though every other *tie* thou tear,  
Great Katterfelto still beware,  
("Sunt qui suspensi collis")  
For H—ne T—ke's and the Devil's sake;  
Beware that *tie* thou canst not break—  
The *tie* of—THOMAS TOLLIS!\*

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\* This gentleman is usually called, by Mr. Cobbett and his other intimate friends, JACK KATCH.



## COBBETT AND THE IRISH MILITIA.

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MR. SATIRIST.

I am sorry to perceive that you have for several months omitted to expose the apostacy, inconsistency, and infamy of William Cobbett. Perhaps you are fearful of disgusting your readers with this filthy subject; but be assured that disgust excited against a \* \* \* \* \* is always beneficial.

—“Animos aliena opprobia sæpe  
“Absterrent vitis” Hor.

It is true that Cobbett has now little influence even over the minds of the ignorant and wicked, who have discovered (and chiefly through your means) that he is a knave who cannot be *trusted*; but Sir, while there is a single hundred of his *Register of Falsehoods* sold, let me entreat you to stick closely to him “Flog him! flog him! flog him! Lash him daily, lash him duly!” My reason for now addressing you, is to point out two instances of his having tripped without being noticed by you, the first of which, proves his ignorance and his malignity against his own country, and the second his inconsistency and baseness. With a view of ridiculing Mr. Perceval’s account of Ensign Walsh’s valour in concealing the colours of his regiment in his wounded breast, and of bringing the courage of Englishmen into contempt, he makes the following stupid and malicious observations, in his *Register* of June 12th 1811, page 1453. —

“Ensign *Walsh’s* affair is, if possible, still more wonderful. Mr. Perceval said, that “Ensign Walsh, having *the staff* “of the colours broken by a *cannon ball*, which also severely wounded himself, fell upon the field of battle,

“ and, more anxious about the *precious charge* than for  
“ himself, contrived to *separate the flag from the remnant*  
“ *of the staff*, and secured it in *his bosom*, from which he  
“ afterwards produced it, when his wounds were dressed  
“ after the battle.”——Reader do you consider of what  
nature is the blow of “ a cannon ball? Suppose yourself  
with a staff eight feet long in your hands, with a flag hang-  
ing from the top half of it; suppose this flag held up be-  
fore you; do you conceive how a cannon ball could strike  
it *without fetching off your arms?*——But, what part of the  
staff was hit by the ball? The part above the Ensign’s  
head to be sure, else the ball would have cut his body  
asunder. Now, then, imagine yourself standing with such  
a thing in your hands, and then imagine the effect of a  
cannon ball in striking the staff. Would not the staff give  
you such a blow upon the head or shoulder as to leave but  
little life in you? Well, but Ensign Walsh was *wounded*  
by the ball. Yes, but he found the broken staff lying by  
the side of him, and, *who does not perceive, that a blow of a*  
*cannon ball would have driven the staff away to perhaps sever-*  
*al hundred yards distance*; and, how, then, was the wound-  
ed man (who was found, mind, upon the ground unable  
to get away), how was he to get at the staff to take the  
flag from it? Observe, too, that this Mr. *Walsh* must also  
have been *alone* when this happened to him; for, other-  
wise, some one would have taken the colours up for him.  
And, it is a little odd, that a man with a standard in his  
hand should be struggling about by *himself*. Colours are  
always placed in the centre of the regiment and guarded  
by a select body of men; and, before colours can be thus  
exposed, there must be a *route*, a complete *route*, all must  
be in confusion, and the “ devil take the hindmost” must  
be the word.——In the *first* place, then, for this story to  
be true, Ensign *Walsh* must have been alone, or at least, in  
company with none but dead men, else some one would

have taken up the colours for him ; *secondly*, the cannon ball must have been very *singular in its effects to strike the staff in his hand without killing him* ; and *thirdly*, it must have been a *most wonderful cannon ball to have hit the staff in his hand and broken it without driving it to a distance from the spot ; a marvellous civil cannon ball to strike a staff and break it, and then lay the parts down upon the ground, just on the spot where the blow was given , a miraculous polite cannon ball.*—Nevertheless the thing is *possible* ; or at least, it may *possibly* be *possible*, though to my dim intellectual vision the possibility is not visible ; but, this I must say, that, if I had taken a Frenchman with his colours crammed under his clothes, I should have suspected, that finding himself alone and not able to defend himself if attacked, and seeing himself exposed in a ten-fold degree by having the colours in his hands ; I should have suspected, that, under such circumstances, he had cut the flag off, and thus hid it from the enemy.” (page 1454.)

Now, Sir, it by no means follows that Ensign *Walsh* must have been *alone* when the circumstance alluded to happened ; and even if he were *alone*, the fact might, notwithstanding, be satisfactorily ascertained.—The regiment was broken by a charge—the officer fell at the instant—hundreds might have witnessed his fall and *his conduct*, who, in the confusion of the moment, could neither afford him assistance nor take charge of his colours.—Mr. Cobbett has never been in battle, except with poor Mrs. *Burgess* and other miserable old women in the neighbourhood of Botley, or he would have known, that a cannon ball would sever a flag-staff, not only without *carrying any part of it an inch from the place where it was*, but also *without even sensibly jarring the hand which held it*. If any staff were stuck perpendicularly in the ground, so slightly that an infant's hand could remove it, and then fired at with a cannon, the shot would divide it in such a manner that



the bottom part would not even be *shaken*, and the top would fall within a few inches of its insertion in the earth. This is a sufficient answer to Mr. Cobbett's silly argument and contemptible irony. — The concluding, base, and cowardly insinuation, requires no comment: every true English heart must glow with indignation and hatred against its perfidious and malignant author.

I shall now, Sir, direct the attention of your readers to his opposite opinions, relative to the interchange of the English and Irish Militias. To prove how inveterate he is against every measure which he knows, and has himself *declared*, to be necessary for the peace and salvation of every branch of the British Empire, and to shew his anxiety to see anarchy, rebellion, and civil strife, again deluging with blood the fields of Ireland, it will only be necessary to contrast the article on this subject, which I shall here extract, entire, from his Register of May 18, 1811, with that which follows, and which was written by him 20th of August, 1803.

*Extract from Cobbett's Political Register, of May 18, 1811.*

“ IRISH AND ENGLISH MILITIAS.

“ I have no time to say more than a few words upon the intended Act for an *interchange* of the Militias; but, I cannot let it pass wholly in silence. — MR. RYDER, in introducing this Bill is reported to have said:—‘ It had been observed to him, that this measure was not necessary, because on emergencies the Militia of each country have always volunteered their services, and no doubt they would again do so if the same circumstances again occurred: but still he thought it proper to place this matter on a permanent footing. He referred to the campaign in Portugal, and observed *how great would have been our advantage, if, instead of sending to Sicily, Halifax, and other distant situations, for troops to reinforce our brave army, we had been*

able to send off immediately a portion of that fine army that was locked up in Ireland, by sending over an equal number of English Militia, and bringing the same number of Irish Militia here.'—Now, what does this mean? Why, that there was a fine army of regular troops in Ireland; but that, for want of legal power to send to Ireland some of the English Militia to supply the place of regulars, those regulars could not be sent to Portugal. And why? Why could they not be sent to Portugal? Why was it necessary to keep them 'locked up in Ireland?' Why should they be kept there?—The answer of Mr. Ryder is, that we were not able to send over English Militia to supply the place of the regulars. Then, it follows, that those regulars, or the English Militia in place of them, are necessary in Ireland. And, for what purpose are they necessary in Ireland? Is it to defend Ireland? If so, against whom? And, at any rate, if necessary for defence, why should not the Irish Militia be as efficient as the English Militia? Are not the former as brave as the latter? Irishmen have always been as brave as Englishmen; and, upon a recent occasion, they have given a signal proof of their bravery.

"If, indeed, Mr. RYDER had said, that the regulars could not be withdrawn for want of more troops to defend the country against the French; there would have been no questions to ask, except as to the number of troops wanted for that defence; but, he tells us, that the regular troops could not be spared, because we were unable to send English Militia to be exchanged for an equal number of Irish Militia to be brought to England. So that, the regular troops might, it seems, have been spared, if their place could have been supplied by English Militia, without adding to the number of Militia in Ireland. There were militia troops enough in the kingdom; but they were not, it seems, of the right sort.—I take this extract of Mr. RYDER's speech from the Morning Chronicle. I do not

pledge myself for its correctness; but, if it be correct, this that I have given is the meaning of it. And it is a meaning which *I am very sorry to give to it*; because it implies, *that the Irish Militia are not thought to be so likely to act efficiently in the defence of Ireland as the English Militia*; and this is an idea, which is at war with all those notions which we have heretofore been taught to entertain respecting the motives which animate men in defending their country.—It is our custom to talk of men fighting in defence of their country, because they are *attached to it*; because they love the laws, the liberties, the rights, the blessings which they enjoy in their country. These are the motives which we ascribe to our allies in Spain and Portugal. What would be thought of a proposition to bring the Spanish troops into Portugal, and sending the Portuguese troops into Spain? And why, then, should we bring Irish militia men into England and send English militia men into Ireland? The cause is the same, the enemy is always the same; and it does, to me at least, *appear very strange indeed, that the Militia of THE ONE COUNTRY should be regarded as most likely to be efficient in the defence of the OTHER COUNTRY.*"

*Extract from Cobbett's Political Register of Aug. 20, 1803.*

*Being a complete answer to his preceding malignant insinuations.*

"It is an alarming consideration that the *Irish Militia*, who, as far as they are raised consist of men taken out of a country boiling with conspiracy, should not have been raised on terms, that would have admitted of their being brought to this Island! Lord Limerick mentioned this, towards the close of the Session of Parliament, and regretted that a provision of the kind alluded to was not



made. It was then, perhaps, too late; but, the very provision now wanted, was proposed by Mr. Elliot, at the time when the Irish Militia Bill was before parliament. He stated, that 'as a *bounty* was to be given, nothing could be so easy as to extend the service to Great Britain. Four guineas a man was the bounty; another guinea would have extended the service!' The number of men was 18,000; so that at the expense of 18,000 *gs. the present embarrassment and fear, not to say IMMINENT DANGER, might have been avoided, by bringing the Irish Militia to Great Britain, and by sending the British Militia to Ireland!* Mr. Elliot repeated his opinion, on this subject, during the discussion of the defence bills; but in both cases his advice was rejected; and, by Mr. Archdale in particular, it was, in the former instance, treated as *defamatory of the spirit of loyalty, subordination, harmony, and contentment*, which prevailed in every part of the sister island!!! Ireland is the point against which, we suspect, the enemy will direct his attacks. There is yet time to render it secure, but what have we to expect from Mr. Addington and his colleagues? What can we expect from men, who, with the full evidence of a *French conspiracy* in their possession, suffered Dublin to be surprised."

Let any man, Mr. Satirist, carefully peruse and compare the preceding extracts, both from the writings of the same author, and he will ever after duly appreciate the character of William Cobbett.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ZENO.

## PANTHEON AND COLONEL GREVILLE.

OUR sentiments on the subject of increasing the number of our public theatres, have been frequently expressed; and we shall never alter them, until we are persuaded, either by Mr. Sheridan, or some other eloquent advocate for theatrical monopoly, that the private interest of individuals ought to be preferred to the general encouragement of the noblest of the arts, that of dramatic poetry: but it by no means follows, that we should therefore approve of every idle effort to establish a new scenic institution. When we heard that Colonel Greville was about to convert the Pantheon into an English Opera-house, we were highly gratified; but if, as we have been informed, he intends to convert it into a baby Theatre, where all adult performers, *except himself*, are to be excluded, we shall most certainly take leave to laugh heartily, both at the plan and the planner. We have not exactly heard that Colonel Greville has as yet advertised for young ladies of fifteen, to be qualified by him for public performances; but we have really been told, that some such scheme is actually in agitation. Positively we should be little less surprized to learn, that the elegant Harry Greville had appointed himself dancing-master to a litter of young bears: and every body must allow, that he is now almost as ill qualified for the one employment as for the other.—We understand that he was very eloquent, and very obstinate, at a late meeting of his subscribers, and that although they passed several resolutions against his *juvenile* scheme, he told them that he was *resolved* not to pay any attention to their determination, as “he was sure their only object was to vex him!” This, to use an old Westminster expression, was ‘*nughty spunky*’ to be sure, and not a little ridiculous.

We have too high an opinion of Colonel Greville's good sense, to believe one-half of what we have heard on the subject; but there certainly does appear to have been "*Hell to pay*," (to borrow a phrase from Lord Folkestone) between the Colonel and his subscribers.

The following curious Petition has been, we are assured, presented to the Prince Regent, through the medium of Colonel Congreve.

It is with great humility presented to His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by WILLIAM GEDGE—

That with great assiduity he formed the plan of the National Institution; the objects of which are to collect and exhibit to public view, specimens of every description of British manufacture, with models, and designs, and to encourage, by immediate rewards and prospects of support under infirmities, our native artizans in useful emulation.

That in his early endeavours to establish the Institution, your Petitioner had the co-operation of Mr. Charles Bonner and Colonel Greville.

That an agreement for a lease of the Pantheon in Oxford-street was obtained in September last, on the joint application of Colonel Greville, Mr. Bonner, and your Petitioner, for the sole purpose of the Institution; in which agreement Mr. Bonner only is named as the Lessee (on behalf of the Establishment) and Colonel Greville is guarantee that the building shall not suffer dilapidation.

That large sums of money have been expended in making the necessary alterations in the Pantheon, to carry the object of the Institution into effect;



and to accomplish the proposed plan. Persons were invited to, and more than one hundred did, become share-holders, of one hundred pounds each, on the joint stock of the Institution. That a considerable portion of the expense of these alterations has been paid with the private money of your Petitioner, and other part of such expense, and of the rent and taxes of the Pantheon, have been paid out of the general funds of the Institution; but no part of such expenses, or of the rent and taxes, which have become due for the Pantheon, has ever been paid with any money belonging to Mr. Bonner.

That Mr. Bonner, without the consent or knowledge of your Royal Highness's Petitioner, and without regarding his situation as a mere trustee in the agreement for a lease of the Pantheon, has (in consideration of a salary of 800*l.* per annum, agreed to be paid by Colonel Greville to him, and a yearly benefit) lately collusively assigned the agreement for a lease of the Pantheon to Colonel Greville, for the purpose of its being converted into a Dramatic Theatre, under a licence alledged to have been obtained from the Vice Chamberlain for Colonel Greville's exclusive advantage. And in the plan of the pretended Theatre, submitted for public inspection at the Pantheon, a Box is marked as selected and reserved for your Royal Highness's use, as an inducement for the public to believe that Colonel Greville's plan has received your Royal Highness's sanction; and by the representation of such powerful and exalted patronage, to induce

the nobility and gentry to support and become subscribers to his intended Theatre.

That by illegal and unwarrantable procedures, the interest and objects of the National Institution are intended, by Colonel Greville and Mr. Bonner, to be sacrificed, and your Petitioner, and the Subscribers to the Institution, subjected to great loss and injury.

That your petitioner begs leave to submit these circumstances to the consideration of your Royal Highness, in the earnest hope that your Royal Highness will be pleased to interpose your high authority in such manner as may seem most expedient, as well on behalf of your petitioner, in whose individual interest his numerous family is seriously involved, as on behalf of an establishment, the success of which appeared to be probable, and which seemed likely to become an object of public utility and national splendour.

August 16, W. GEDGE.

*Southampton Place, New Road.*

We shall postpone our remarks till we have procured some authentic information, which we have been promised. In the mean time we must assure our readers, that we have not the smallest wish either to injure or irritate Colonel Greville.

### **THE KING AND THE REGENT.**

Our beloved Monarch is, we fear, lost to us for ever.— Every ray of hope has vanished; and dark and drear would be our prospects, had not the recent conduct of his illus-

trious son shed round the throne a lustre which, in a great measure, dispels the gloom, and cheers our sorrowing hearts.—Happy England! “happy e’en in tears,” while thou weepest o’er the venerable ruin of thy shattered monarch, thou seest the glorious fabric of thy enviable constitution still supported by another pillar, firm and magnificent as that which time has mouldered and laid prostrate!

We must now consider his Royal Highness the Prince Regent as our actual Sovereign; and if he continues to hold the reins of government with that skill and firmness which he has manifested since they were confided to his care, (of which there is now no cause to doubt) his people will have every thing to hope, and nothing to apprehend. We candidly confess, that when his Royal Highness first assumed the Regency of the British empire, we felt no inconsiderable anxiety; lest the impulses of his heart should be restrained and directed by his interested friends and favourites. We feared lest these should persuade him to gratify their ambition and avarice by the sacrifice of an administration, whose integrity, firmness, and success, (when all the difficulties that have been encountered are taken into consideration), have never been surpassed, and, we will venture to assert, would never have been equalled by any successors which his Royal Highness could have been induced to appoint.

His Royal Highness has shewn, by several recent appointments, that he is not unmindful of his private friends, when he can bestow favours without deranging the system of government which has been so prosperously carried on by his revered father, and in which he happily appears resolved to persevere. Reflection has doubtless whispered him, that the flatterers of his youth and the abettors of his early indiscretions may not be the most proper counsellors



in state affairs; and that although witty profligates may have proved very amusing companions to the Prince of Wales, they are unworthy the confidence of the British Sovereign. His Royal Highness seems resolved to govern, and will no longer be governed. The *Opposition*, many of whom are doubtless very worthy men, and staunch friends of their country, when they can be so without endangering their own interest, are naturally enough become quite outrageous, and we expect very soon to see their venal journal, *The Morning Chronicle*, abusing the Prince Regent as inveterately and indecently as it formerly did his royal father. Indeed, the Editor has already, in the height of his fury, described his Royal Highness as little better than an idiot; for in his paper of August 15th, he invents a most ridiculous story about a conspiracy, which, he tells his readers, Mr. Perceval and his colleagues have entered into with the view of *entrapping* the *Regent*; and insinuates, that his Royal Highness has been, in a great measure, deceived by a scheme which, had it existed, an infant would have detected.

After describing the nature of this absurd scheme, which never existed except in the heads of Messrs. Perry, Abercrombie, and Brougham, the chief scribblers of the party, this writer says—"Thus they were to go on step by step; until, by entangling his Royal Highness in their snares, they had made it impossible for him to carry on the government without them, while, *by separating him from his OLD and TRIED friends*, and by destroying the foundation upon which his character is fixed, they would render him dependent upon them during his future reign and life!!!"

This is really the *funniest* story we ever read—Who are these *old and tried* friends?—The *Opposition* we suppose!—They have indeed been *tried*, and were found marvel-

lously wanting.—“But,” says Mr. Perry, “his Royal Highness is a person not easily deceived *long*.”—Alas, he *has been* deceived *too long* by the party whose cause this gentleman advocates, and for whose fate and his own he now begins to tremble.

Mr. Perry, finding that he and his friends are seen in their proper light and treated as they deserve, with that effrontery which a modern Whig always possesses, insinuates that his Royal Highness, *at the age of fifty*, has been for *some little time* (though he will *not* be so *long*) *deceived* by his *present* advisers, who, we verily believe, are his *real friends*:—but he has forgotten to mention any *public* injury that was likely to result from this *deception*; he seems only to lament it, because it may prove fatal to his *private friends and supporters*!

We sincerely rejoice, and heartily congratulate our countrymen, that his Royal Highness’s conduct has been such as to excite the rancour and malice of “*these old and tried friends*!”

It is not our practice to make professions, but we will assert, and without fear of contradiction, that *they* never were more sincerely attached to his Royal Highness than ourselves, and that we shall always be among the most strenuous supporters of his and the nation’s true interests, which, we verily believe, are incompatible with the *interests of the Opposition*!—While blessed with a good Prince, we will exert every nerve to protect and consolidate his power. We are strongly attached to the monarchical part of our constitution, because we are thoroughly convinced that

“Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credet  
Servitium. Nunquam libertas gratior extat  
Quam sub rege pio.”

CLAUDIAN.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

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*On the Duel between LORD K. and MR. W. P.*

A Noble Lord and gay Esquire  
Went forth to fight with fury dire,  
Though short the time they tarried out,  
All people thought 'twas LONG about.  
'Twas said, when first they sallied forth,  
Th' Esquire might possibly KILL WORTH;  
And foolish, bullying Pride lay low  
By the *same bullet's* fatal blow.

ANCIENT PISTOL.

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FASHIONABLE NEWS.

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The amiable Miss Tilney Long is said to have been desperately wounded by a *Polish* lancer!

Lord Grenville is grievously indisposed. His Lordship's *complaint* is—that the *Prince Regent* will not appoint HIM *Prime Minister*!

Sir Francis Burdett is a *subscriber* to the *Oxford Produce* stakes. There is no truth in the report of the Baronet's having withdrawn his *support* from this *race*.

Lady B——o has been on a *hawking* party.

Mr. William Hallett is canvassing for a seat in Parliament, but the *burgesses* of a certain borough, being *sad dogs*, do not like his *professions*.



THE CHARIOTEERS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

AN EPIGRAM.

Four members of *the four-in-hand*  
 Chanc'd near a countryman to stand,  
 Whom, (being noted stable wits)  
 They thought to banter 'bout their *tits*,  
 Which they all swore could trot so well,  
 They'd travel, in one day, to *Hell!*  
 "To *Hell!*" quoth Hodge, "you makes me stare,  
 "Zure no zuch cattle travel there."—  
 "Why zounds!" the wag's together scream,  
 "The devil has a *famous team*."—  
 "I knows it, now," the man replies,  
 "You need not tell me *furthur* lies  
 "For by your tricks I understand  
 "The devil has *you rour in hand*,  
 "And zince you leads zuch wicked lives,  
 "You needs must go when devil *drives*."

EPIGRAM.

On the recent contemptible and impostor publication entitled  
 "THE SPIRIT OF THE BOOK."

Sure critic ne'er was doom'd to look  
 On pages of so little merit—  
 In short, "*The Spirit of the Book*,"  
 Is but a *book devoid of spirit*.

## EPIGRAM,

On the letter to Sophia, *published* by Baron de Geramb,  
in which he says, that the Prince turned his back  
upon him, and that he admired Sophia when getting  
into her carriage.

Dans ce livret rempli de sa double tendresse,  
Publié si mal a propos,  
Que nous dit ce Baron?—Le Prince et ma maitresse,  
M'ont tous les deux tourné le dos.

---

*On the same Publication.*

A qui s'adresse donc cette lettre si tendre  
Qu'en vrai style de Fenelon  
Fit composer ce baron de *Cutendre*?

A cinq cent mille pounds sterling.—A TILNEY LONG.  
(a-t-il le nez long.)

---

*On the same.*

Peut-on douter que de sa lettre  
Le Baron ne soit pas l'auteur?  
Au soin qu'il prend de la remettre,  
Chacun voit bien qu'il en est le *facteur*.\*

---

*On the same.*

Quand on lit cette lettre écrite avec du lait  
Par un gros porteur de moustaches,  
Tout frais moulu du pays des Talpaches,  
On s'écrie en riant: ah! le joli *poulet*!†

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\* FACTEUR, in French signifies a deliverer of letters.

† POULET signifies both a chicken and a love-letter!

TO BARON GERAMB on learning that the SOPHIA to whom he has addressed his letter on the Prince's Fete was Miss SOPHIA TILNEY LONG.

Dear Baron, on my soul, you're wrong  
To think Sophia true—  
To you she ever will BE LONG,  
But ne'er BELONG to you.

WHISKERANDOS.

QUERIES addressed to those Roman Catholics who are endeavouring to obtain Emancipation.

If the established religion of the British Empire were Roman Catholic, would you permit Protestants to enjoy the same privileges and immunities as yourselves, or to have any share in the administration of the government?

Would you not by so doing, be acting contrary to those tenets which all good catholics profess?

Are you not bound by the ordinances of your holy church to hold no faith with Protestants; and to consider them as heretics?

Provided you were granted emancipation, would it not be your bounden duty, as good catholics, to endeavour, by every possible means, to obtain an ascendancy over the Protestants, in all civil, political, and ecclesiastical establishments?

A FRIEND TO SAFE TOLERATION,



## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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FIAT JUSTITIA!

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*The Remains of Joseph Blackett, consisting of Poems, Dramatic Sketches, The Times, an Ode, &c. Memoirs of his Life by Mr. Pratt, 2 vols. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones.*

WE have already stated our opinion of poor Blackett's talents, in our Review of some *Specimens* of his poetry, which were published at the beginning of the present year. The present volumes justify the favourable report which we then made, and we rejoice to hear that the public have testified their respect for the departed young bard by a most liberal subscription to his posthumous works, the produce of which is to be applied to the maintenance of an aged mother and an orphan child. Mr. Pratt's memoirs of his life are extremely interesting, and the correspondence which is inserted incontestibly proves the integrity of Blackett's heart. The amiable family of Sir R. Milbank, also appear to great advantage in these volumes, as the patrons of indigent merit, and some letters, most of which we conclude were written by Miss M. whose name, perhaps, in compliment to the lady's modesty, has been suppressed, are remarkable for elegance of diction, propriety of sentiment, and correctness of Judgment. There is one in particular (beginning at page 187 of vol. 1.) with which we have been highly delighted,

and of which Mr. Pratt justly observes, that—Besides that it is written with superior elegance, both of sentiment and expression, it cannot but prove of cordial use to all who may be visited by bodily or mental diseases.—The best recommendation of Joseph Blackett's remains, which we can afford, will be the following extract from the 2d vol. beginning at page 46; it is taken from some lines addressed to a person who presented him with "*The Cabinet of English Poets*," and is well calculated to display the variety of his poetic talents, and his powers of imitation.

"Methinks, e'en now, I see the *mighty train*  
Encircle me around; and each, alternate,  
Accept with smiles, my homage. In the midst,  
With deathless laurel blooming round thy brows,  
My gaze is bent on thee, immortal youth!  
On thee, whom most I pity, love, admire!  
The beams of gladness sparkle in thine eyes,  
Which, on the portrait of my fost'ring bard,  
Seem stedfast rivetted;—and sure I hear  
Thy voice exclaim

(CHATTERTON.)

Happie itte bie for thie!  
Reet mycle comforte wele betide thine houres!  
Synne frae the mokie denne obscurite,  
Whilom, lyke myne, thie ruthful thornye bedde,  
An helpen hannde hes gethered thie flowres,  
Whilk growen by the sun uncheryshed,  
Ande them haes setten, where hys beem devyne,  
May keepe them frae a Walpole's scowlyng eyne.

Ill-fated bard! I mourn thy hapless fall;  
But, as a sky-harp'd seraph, now I hail

Thy form divine! and with exultance proud,  
 What thou hast left to this ungrateful world,  
 Pronounce as mine!

---

TO MILTON.

Oh! heaven-illumin'd bard!  
 Whose wing seraphic soar'd above all height,  
 In majesty of song, forgive! forgive!  
 That my rash hand should dare, upon thy throne,  
 Thy starry throne! to place a hapless youth,  
 Though proudly favoured by the weeping Nine,  
 Thy great superior alone in sorrow!  
 Mournful pre-eminence! Yes, thou wilt pardon:—  
 And MILTON'S tear, on CHATTERTON'S pale urn,  
 Shall drop, like balm from weeping Cherub's eye!  
 Oh! how thy awful doing I revere;  
 Thou, through the gloom of *Chaos* and old Night,  
 Despotic rulers o'er the drear profound,  
 Travers'd, with stedfast soul, the pathless way;  
 Thou, from the Stygian pool, on heirarch's wing,  
 Soar'd dreadfully sublime; and, 'yond the stars,  
 Where human eye had never dared to look,  
 Explor'd the regions of eternal day,  
 And on heav'n's pearly pavement fearless trod!  
 With reverential awe, my trembling hand  
 Shall turn, at midnight's hour, thy volumes o'er;  
 Mount, on the wings of fancy, by thy side;  
 Visit the liquid deeps of hell below;  
 Then rising on the pinions of the mind,  
 To heav'n's extremest verge shall rapt ascend;  
 Till, for a moment, I forget myself,  
 Forget I sprang from dust and am a worm!



TO DRYDEN.

Dryden, too, appears,  
To charm my wond'ring ears!  
See, see, he rises in a car of state!  
His Heav'n-train'd steeds proclaim  
His never dying fame!  
The reins upheld with daring hand,  
He guides them o'er the rugged mountains brow,  
Around whose base the limpid waters flow.  
Hark! hark! his thund'ring wheels resound  
Through ether's concave wide!  
His coursers feel the biting lash,  
The swift revolving axles flash  
He spurns the trembling ground.  
See, checking now with fierce command  
Their dread career, in fullest pride,  
He mounts, on cherub-wing, magnificently great!

---

TO POPE.

With piercing eye, deep vers'd in nature's lore,  
Resolv'd the realms of reason to explore;  
The paths of science, the retreats of sense,  
And justify the ways of Providence;  
POPE next I see, the bard whose various fire  
Attunes the hallow'd or the tender lyre;  
Tears off the fraudulent mask that screens the mind,  
And awes the varying follies of mankind:  
Instructs the *serious*, and delights the *gay*,  
Shews Fame's proud fane, and leads himself the way!

## TO YOUNG.

With coffin'd shrouds surrounded, big with thought,  
 With painful thought, which moves yet mends the heart,  
 And swells to aw'd solemnity, see, YOUNG  
 Deigns, too, to dwell beneath my humble roof!  
 The reliques of the dead, with full-fix'd eye,  
 Denoting deep reflection, he surveys,  
 And smiles at "weak mortality!" Absorb'd  
 In contemplation, on the jarring world  
 He looks indignant. 'Cross the shoreless tide  
 Of full eternity his stedfast gaze,  
 Is fix'd nor once returns save that he casts  
 One look of pity on disastrous man!

---

## TO THOMPSON.

And THOMPSON, Nature's limner! *thou* art mine!  
 Thou, who hast painted the all blessed year,  
 Bringing the seasons full within my view,  
 E'en when sequester'd in this nook I sit;  
 The flow'ry dale, the steep aspiring hill,  
 The velvet bank, the desolated waste,  
 The pebbled streamlet, and the waving flood,  
 Springs' tender fragrance,—Summer's noontide blaze,  
 Autumnal breezes,—Winter's icy blasts,  
 In all their sweet diversity of change!

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## TO COLLINS.

And COLLINS, too.  
 To thee I bow,

Bright fancy's fav'rite child,  
Who, in the desolated wild,  
With all the varied sweets of song,  
Pour'd forth the strain,  
As o'er the plain,  
Fleet echo did thy swelling notes prolong !  
And when the PASSIONS fired thy breast,  
Upon some rocky steep,  
Which fearful overhung the deep,  
Thou with the frenzy of poetic fire,  
Drew'st all thy FURIES round thy magic lyre ;  
And 'mid the hideous yell  
Of grisly spectres, fell,  
Revenge ! Despair !  
And haggard care !  
With harp in hand,  
Didst take thy stand,  
Now made them frantic rave, now lull'd them all to rest.

---

TO SHENSTONE.

And late from the blade-waving mead,  
Enamell'd with SPRING's vernal flowers,  
The murmurs of Corydon's reed  
Were plaintively heard from the bowers.

Around him the frolicsome lambs,  
In wantonness frisk'd to the note ;  
While wistfully gaz'd the fond dams,  
Who seem'd on the younglings to doat,

As sentinel laid at his feet,  
Poor Tray watch'd the flock on the plain ;



And, pour'd from the thicket's retreat,  
Was heard the mellifluous strain.

Suspended his crook, on the tree,  
Hung ready his hand to receive;  
The ballad was plac'd on his knee  
Which taught his fond bosom to heave.

But, broken is Corydon's reed,  
Ah! ne'er shall we hear it again!  
No longer, his lambkins to feed,  
The shepherd shall traverse the plain.

But though he to death is consign'd,  
And no more the lov'd bard shall we see,  
His song in a wreath is entwined,  
And that wreath forms a GARLAND for me!

---

TO GRAY.

Next see ethereal GRAY.

Whose daring fancy took her flight,  
On eagle-wing, to huge Plinlimmon's height,  
And, as above his snow-capt brow she soar'd,  
The fall of Cambria's children dear!  
The heav'nly maid, in wild dismay,  
With Hoel's harp deplor'd,  
While from her eyelids gush'd the soul-assuaging tear!  
And oft, when Caution penn'd the guarded fold,  
Wrapt in his strain I took my lonely way,  
And listen'd pensive as *his* "curfew toll'd  
Th dreary knell of the departed day!"

With ling'ring step, at midnight's awful noon,  
I sought the death-bed of the lab'ring hind;  
Explor'd with him the spot with grass o'ergrown,  
And the rude stone which rustic skill design'd.

Oft shall his numbers soothe me to repose,  
Oft shall my bosom own their magic pow'r;  
His moral lay the hallow'd truth disclose,  
And oft beguile the solitary hour!

---

TO GOLDSMITH.

Next hopeless *Auburn's* friend my bosom cheers,  
Whom *Nature* loves and ev'ry Muse reveres!  
To him was given the high victorious art,  
To gain a conquest o'er the human heart;  
No party theme his gen'rous bosom fir'd?  
Far other strains his social soul inspir'd;  
In thy blest cause, O VIRTUE, he engag'd,  
And 'gainst thy foes alone fierce war he wag'd!  
He saw oppression seize the poor man's soil,  
And bade the tyrant quit the impious spoil;  
With grief he saw the dome of pow'r arise,  
With shame he heard the hapless maiden's sighs!  
He saw the prince, encompass'd by a train  
Of flatt'ring slaves, who spurn'd the harmless swain;  
With weeping eye he view'd the lab'ers lot,  
Driv'n, like an exile, from his plunder'd spot!  
Each realm he trac'd, recording in his strains,  
That land most blest,—where prosper'd most the swains!

---

Poet belov'd! my vanquish'd heart is thine,  
And beats with transport thus to call *thee* mine!

## TO BURNS.

And whae is he that syngs sae weel,  
 And peas "Addresses to the Deil?"  
 Whae gies the sang syke bonny turns?  
 Datt Gowk! ye ken it's sonsie Burns?

His gabby tales I looe to hear,  
 They please sae meikle, run sae clear;  
 That ilka time, good tath, I read,  
 I'se wiser baith i' heart an head.

I wad advise, when runkled care  
 Begins to mak ye glow'r and stare,  
 That ye wad furst turn ow'r his leaf.  
 'Twill mak ye suyn forget ye'r grief!

And should auld mokie sorrow freeten,  
 Hes blythesome tale ye'r hearts will leeten;  
 And suor I am, ye grief may banter,  
 By looking ow'r his "Tam o' Shanter."\*

And, while I breathe, whene'er Ise scant,  
 Of cheerful friends,—and fynde a want  
 Of something blythe to cure my glumps,  
 And free me frae the doleful dumps,

I'll tak his beuk and read awhile,  
 Until he mak me wear a smile;  
 And then, if I hae time to spare,  
 I'll learn his "Bonny banks of Ayr!"†

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\* A Poem of Burns so called.

† The title of one of the most beautiful songs in the whole collection of the Scottish Bard.



The Spirit of 'the Book;' or *Memoirs of Caroline Princess of Hasburgh; a political and amatory (q. defamatory?) Romance*, in 2 vols. Edited by Thomas Ashe, Esq. Price ONE POUND FIVE SHILLINGS!!! Allen and CO! 15, Paternoster-row.

WHEN we drove that infamous slander-monger, J. F. Hughes, and his pack of scandal hounds, from Wigmore-street, the latter immediately betook themselves to No. 15, Paternoster-row, whither their master followed them, as soon as he was renovated by a second certificate of his having complied with the regulations of the bankrupt laws!—Here, under the name of *Allen and Co.* a new repertorium of calumny and imposition was established, and “*Royal Eclipses*”—“*Royal Investigations*”—“*Misled Generals*,” and other infamous works, were still offered (alas, vainly offered) to the public; but hither they were also followed by the relentless *Satirist*.—The *Pack*, galled by the whip, grew less keen upon the scent; their tongues were known to be false, and no one regarded their cry.—They became hungry, and the produce of their chace did not enable their master to satisfy their voracious appetites. Hunger rendered them comparatively honest; they forebore to run down characters, and began to practise as informers, makers and stealers of bills, beggars, and common swindlers. For these last two years we have scarcely heard the names either of Ellington, alias Charles Sedley, or of Cervantes Hogg, alias L—m. It remained for THOMAS ASHE, Esq. to rescue the trade of royal slander from its merited neglect; he boldly resolved to adopt a profession which these worthies had abandoned; and coming forward under a real name, though in a fictitious character, he probably thought the *Satirist* would treat him with more lenity than the non-entities of Messrs. Allen (Hughes)

and Co.; but he might have recollected the fate of *Thomas Hague*, who also unblushingly affixed his true name to his calumnious trash—and we

“Lash’d the s—l howling through the world.”

If THOMAS ASHE, *Esquire*, will publish, and publish as *truths*, the most atrocious falsehoods; if, under the pretence of rescuing the Royal Family from unjust aspersions, he will propagate the most unfounded calumnies against it, and seek to bring some of its most illustrious branches into contempt and obloquy; if, having obtained a few notorious facts and gathered a few scraps from Printers’ devils, he will publish a work purporting to be *the spirit* of a book which we are convinced he never saw; if he will thus attempt to excite public attention, and prey upon public credulity, we care not whether he appears before us as “*a Captain, as Envoy to the Brazils, or as an Esquire:*” justice shall be done, and merited chastisement rigidly inflicted. The curious *apology* for “*literal and other errors,*” (including, of course, *falsehoods, bad grammar, nonsense, &c.*) with which the preface commences, is admirably calculated to excite a laugh at his ignorance; but the smile which this occasions shall not dispel our frowns at his atrocity and *avarice*. We will extract this extraordinary paragraph for the *amusement* of our readers—

“For the *literal and other errors* occurring in this work,” says the *Captain*, we mean the *Esquire*, “the *Editor* presumes he may confidently rest his *justification* in the assurance that it has been committed to the press with *more than common anxiety*, and from thence presented to the public *with more than ordinary exertion and toil!*”

If we understand this correctly, and there cannot be either ~~sense or meaning~~ in any other construction, the *Envoy* (Pshaw! how troublesome it is to speak or write of men

with multifarious titles,—we mean the *Esquire*) would thus insinuate that no *errors* are to be attributed to want of *industry* or *attention*, but to *ignorance* or *wilfulness*!

In another page (v) of the Preface, it is thus written—  
“The Editor of the *Spirit of the Book*, or *Memoirs of Caroline Princess of Hasburgh*, fondly indulges in the hope that a *fair, candid, and impartial* perusal of these volumes will be *accorded him*, and that until the work has been *sifted* to the last page” (for which purpose we would recommend the Attorney-general’s *winnowing* machine); “no harsh or unjust interpretation, no unwarrantable anticipation nor ungracious prejudice will be accorded him.”  
—We are then told that his work *professes* to EMBRACE the *matter* of the *abominable* and *slandorous* volume known by the name of the “*Delicate Investigation*;\* that “he deprecates, as every *honest Englishman* ought,” (we will presently examine *his* claims to *this* title) “that unnatural, guilty, and malignant volume;” and that “he pledges himself that his work is formed upon the basis of the suppressed book, *which was placed for that express purpose in his hands*”!!!  
—But *by whom* was it there placed? Will *Esquire Ashe* persuade us that those who wished to *vindicate* an injured female, or to clear up any doubts in the public mind, (if such doubts existed,) would have gone to the manufactory of “*Royal Strangers*,” “*Misled Generals, &c.*” and to the King’s Bench prison, (in which the *Esquire* was immured when the work was written) to find publishers and Editor? This is too absurd to impose upon any but those who, having more money than wit, may be disposed to pay *five-and-*

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\* If the volume, entitled, “THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION were so *abominable* and *slandorous*, what must that publication be which *professes* to embrace *all the spirit of it*?



*twenty shillings* for a mass of obscene, stupid, and scandalous malignity, that would disgrace a Grub-street writer and put even a nymph of King's Place to the blush!

This *romance* writer begins with some clumsy attempts at open concealment, by forming his work in letters from a Princess Caroline to her daughter Charlotte, about whose "s—cc—u" she pretends to talk very mysteriously; added to which, we have a "Marquis of Albion," and many other dashed and dashing Lords and Ladies, Generals, Captains, &c. Of the subject which is the *ground-work* of this story, he tells us no more than was already known to every person who has read the daily, or even the Sunday newspapers; but when he attempts to add some of the frothy matter of his own brain, its *spirit* flies, and it becomes too vapid for the most sottish consumer of Whitbread's Entire in the lowest receptacle of the metropolis. As a kind of whet to our readers, we shall commence our Review with specimens of the *morality, religion, and patriotism*, of *Esquire Ashe*. Of the first, then, we shall merely select one passage. The following sentiments he puts into the mouth of his *unfortunate* Princess (doubly *unfortunate* in having him for her *vindicator*)—"As to myself, the world should understand, that women, when in love, are perhaps more delicately sensible to the soft influence than men—at least I can answer for myself: while under this sweet influence I paid no manner of attention to the arguments of reason and judgment—Woe to the woman whose heart is so little susceptible, as to consult the *little decorums* of her sex, when she should be occupied in facilitating engagements that can never be too closely formed."—This letter is supposed to be addressed to her daughter (the Princess C. of W.) then only thirteen years of age.

Now for Mr. Ashe's *religion*. Describing a trip down the Thames, which we presume he may have made when about to sail as *envoy* to the Brazils, he tells us that "our blessed Saviour himself, condescended to admire this scenery, when he said to his disciples,—'lift up your eyes, and view the fields, for they are white with harvest'—with us they are *yellow* with harvest," (how profound!) "but they *may be white* in Palestine. I care not how expositors expound the point, it shews clearly, my Charlotte, *our Saviour to have been a personage of consummate taste*, as well as of transcendent wisdom and virtue, and that is the *sole conclusion* with which *we* are at present concerned!" Indeed! is *this* the *Spirit of the Book*?—Shall we now give a proof of his patriotism?—Well, then, gentle readers, by your leave:—speaking of *England*, he makes the Princess, whom he pretends to *vindicate*, tell her daughter, the *heiress apparent* to the *English* throne, that "the very name of country has disappeared from the midst of it—a cold callous calculating *race*, whose plodding *head* looks down and mocks *their heart*; who reason themselves out of honour, out of patriotism, out of every great propensity of the soul—for half-a-crown in an hundred pounds they abandon their laws, their altars, their independence, and their fields—what is it to the English, if rape and murder prowl through the provinces of Italy, and the circles of Germany?—what if desolating fires, and military massacres destroy the villages and peasantry of Spain and Portugal?—what of all this—the stocks rise"—!!! And all this from an "*honest Englishman*!"—but that we deny: The Captain, Envoy, and Esquire, is a native of the Sister Kingdom, and equally a disgrace to that as to this. Of his *modesty*, some judgment may be formed from a vulgar and licentious description of a wedding night; and of his *fancy*, our readers may take a few samples from a

pretty picture which "Algernon" gives of his father's *potatoe garden*, "where," says the love-stricken youth, "sequestered from the tumults of towns, a gentleman of my father's philosophic temper and ideas, finds *abundantly* in all seasons of the year, to recreate his imagination in the country. There does he delight himself with *amiable* reveries which, though *unconnected*, as *wandering* about the varieties of the creation." &c.—Then he hunts—then he looks at a cottage and moralizes—then he contemplates "the flocks skipping"—then "the tender cares of *that* Yew for her *lambkins!*"—"from the top of the hills he loves to descend into the valley"—"Oh! nature, thou know'st neither *line*, nor *level*, nor *compass*"—(So that *Nature* we perceive is no *freemason*)—"then the primroses and daisies were not purchased by weight of gold—he prized them more than the *bulbous* roots of the most curious Dutch florist"—but not more, we presume, than those *bulbous roots* vulgarly called *potatoes!*

This *Algernon* is described as an Irish officer in the service of the Princess's father, who is much attached to him; and she, sympathizing with her Papa, falls desperately in love with him.—In the letters to *her daughter* (the Princess C. of W.) she is made to detail all her *amorous* but *innocent* intrigues with this young Irishman. And does Captain Ashe, expect his readers to believe that this is taken from "*the Book?*" Does he call this *vindicating* his heroine's character?

The whole of the first volume is taken up with describing the rise and progress of this secret amour; in introducing to our notice some English travellers, who visited the court of the Princess's father; and in a *glowing* description of the above-named *extraordinary Irishman*, who is represented as a paragon of beauty, elegance, wit, and taste. As a specimen of his wit, we are treated with some lines which



he made on the Princess's singing a duet with a female friend, which, we are informed, occasioned "an expression of rapturous admiration to burst from every tongue" and "every eye to be turned upon the inspired Algernon." We will quote the lines that our readers may judge whether these tributes of applause were justly bestowed.

Hark! how they *shake the palsied element,*  
And *swell the note; as if 'twould ne'er be spent.*  
To hear such *melting* echo softly move,  
Narcissus like! who would not die in love.

To begin at the end, we beg leave to state, that we always supposed Narcissus died—not *IN love* but in—a river. As we do not exactly comprehend, whether *earth, air, fire, or water* is the *palsied* element alluded to, we cannot properly appreciate the beauty of the first verse; neither can we completely disentangle the sense in the description of the *swelling, anti-spending, melting, and softly moving* properties of the ladies' *element-shaking* voices contained in the two middle lines. Algernon, however, was so well convinced that the praise he received was genuine, that "he again exclaimed"—

Sing on sweet chauntress'! souls of melody!  
Closely attentive to your harmony,  
The heavens *check* and stop their pond'rous spheres,  
And all the world WAS NOW *attentive EARS!!!*

"Here he was again interrupted by the general voice of *astonishment and applause!*" page 170.—Reader from these specimens of Algernon's poetic talent (which were, of course, copied from "THE BOOK") you may form a correct estimation of CAPTAIN ASHE's poetic taste.—

*Of his musical*, take the following example.—“Algernon is, in truth, the genuine offspring of the Irish bard. In harmony he may vie with BRAHAM, and in *tenderness of expression with INCLEDON.*” (P. 173.) Who ever heard of Mr. Incledon’s *tenderness of expression*?

The anachronisms of ESQUIRE ASHE are mighty curious; and if there were no other proofs that his “*Spirit of the Book*” was, like the Cock-lane and Hammersmith ghosts, an impostor *spirit*, would be quite sufficient to convict him! for example, take the following paragraph from page 133, vol. i.

“As for G—y, whom I met at Milan, he was detained there by a Roman nightingale, whose song pleased him so much, that he promised never to separate from the sweet bird till the day of his death.—I advised him to take the object of his admiration to England, but he seemed to fear that the voice might degenerate; and he assured me that G—a (Grasina) had no sooner passed the Streights of Dover than she ceased to be G—a, and appeared to him as *contemptible as any native of the isle!*”

Now, passing over the concluding *compliment* to the British fair, we beg to observe that this is part of a conversation, which, as the author wishes us to understand, was held at the Duke of Brunswick’s Court before the marriage of his daughter to the Prince of Wales; and consequently, the speaker is made to describe the effect of English air upon *Grasina*, many years before her arrival in England, which did not happen till long after that union! But all these extraordinary FACTS are collected from “*The Book !!!*”

Our Readers will want no additional evidence to convince them that ESQUIRE ASHE is a native of the “*Land of Potatoes*” after they have read the subjoined exquisite *bull*, which is taken from page 135 of vol. 1.

“For my part, I love Nature *dressed* by the hand of

Nature—in her chemise. Such as you observe it here, wild, naked, and gigantic.”

By the bye, the *bull* of calling Nature, “*dressed* in her chemise,” “*naked*,” is not the only entertaining part of this paragraph. There is something mighty pretty and original in *neutralizing* Nature, in the idea of her being her own *tire woman*, and in her *local giantism*!

There is also something bordering upon *Hibernism* in the following *sublime* passage (which is evidently in imitation of Burke’s BEST style) of the 21st letter from the Princess to her daughter:—

“I may add, that not only irregularities and seeming imperfections, but even horrors themselves, when reason or *experience* has removed the first impressions of our fear, are no *small foundation* of pleasure to us; as fire, ruins, hurricanes, a stormy sky, a tempestuous ocean, a wild beast in chains” (a profligate and slanderous author in the clutches of an upright reviewer, he might well have added), “or a dead monster, either from the natural magnificence or *novelty* \* of the objects that excite them, as in the last subject, or from the agreeable contemplation of our own *personal safety*.” Page 165.

QUERY, how is a man to enjoy “an agreeable contemplation of his own PERSONAL SAFETY during a hurricane and a storm?”

We shall here conclude our Review of the *first volume*; in our next number we shall examine the remaining two:—these teem with falsehoods, which we shall expose, with absurdities which we shall quote and laugh at, and with obscenities, which we shall castigate without quoting.—“*The Spirit of the Book*” is “an evil spirit, and must be laid!”

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\* This is in illustration of the preceding remarks on the powers of *experience*!



## COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.\*

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*Non nostrum inter vos TANTAS componere lites!—*

VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—*

POPE.

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1. The Life of Apollonius of Tyana, translated from the Greek of Philostratus by the the Reverend Edward Berwick.

“ The work of Philostratus contains *many shrewd* ethical remarks and illustrations, while it *throws* some *light* on the philosophy of the Pythagoreans,” &c. “ as well as on the period of the Roman history,” &c. “ Harles remarks, and we think with truth, that it is a work which *may be studied with advantage* by the philosopher, the historian, and the divine. The public are

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\* We intend to continue the method which we began last month, of giving occasional illustrations of the *expedition* which certain of the Reviews display in keeping pace with the current stream of literature: but being *superlatively* anxious to treat them with every kind of fairness, we shall, in this respect, also adhere to our *Comparative* plan; by stating, in every instance of their outrageous backwardness in noticing any particular work, the interval which has elapsed, not since the book was published, but since it was *actually reviewed* in *some other* critical journal. The last Number of the Monthly Review notices for the first time two publications (Wood's Zoography, and Buchanan's journey) which had been reviewed earlier (in the Oxford Review, and the European Magazine) by *forty-one* and *forty-five months* respectively.

We once more find the British Critic at its *old trick* of *duplicate criticism*. Its Number for last January *again* reviews a sermon of Mr. Cockburn's which it had *already* reviewed a twelvemonth before. Such *habitual* negligence becomes intolerable and insulting.

therefore under considerable obligations to Mr. Berwick for presenting them with this life of Apollonius in an English dress.—We think that the English reader is greatly indebted to Mr. Berwick for the present translation. The original contains many important and interesting details relative to the sentiments and manners of the ancients. Some of the ethical observations are strikingly just.”—Critical Review.

“English Literature would have sustained very little loss from not having a translation of so silly and absurd a book as the life of Apollonius of Tyana.”—Eclectic Review.

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Reflections upon the Tendency of a publication entitled, “Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching, by a Barrister;” by the Reverend John Hume Spry, M.A.

“If the Barrister be the man we suspect him to be, we feel a confident hope that the strong arguments which Mr. Spry has laid before him will make a proper impression.—We shall content ourselves with referring our readers to Mr. Spry’s excellent observations,” &c.—Antijacobin Review.

“This is a very able confutation of the errors of the Barrister’s Hints. The author defends this truly christian doctrine against the plausible reasonings of the Barrister, with great ability. We can with great sincerity recommend Mr. Spry’s Reflections, as extremely valuable.”—British Critic.

“Notwithstanding Mr. Spry joins so heartily in the reprobation bestowed on Dr. Hawker, we have not discovered any thing in the present pamphlet which would induce us to pronounce him to be much wiser, or that would lead us to judge in any respect more favourably either of his sentiments or his reasoning. The same absence of every thing that is conclusive in argument; the same substitution of sound for sense; the same indistinctness, evasion, and perplexity; which characterise the theological productions of the evangelical Doctor, may be

found in the Reflections of this orthodox Master of Arts."—Critical Review.

3. Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the years 1802—1806; by George, Viscount Valentia: 3 Volumes, Quarto.

§. "Few works of this kind have more excited public expectation than these Travels of Lord Viscount Valentia; and it may be candidly said, that *few* on their appearance have *better justified* such expectation."—British Critic.

"When the return of Lord Valentia to England, and the preparation of his papers for the public eye, were announced, the expectation that curiosity would be gratified was united with a desire to be pleased; but if, after having perused the book, we be asked whether all *anticipation* have been *realized*, we confess that we shall *hesitate* to answer in the *affirmative*."—Monthly Review.

"Some degree of *disappointment* will be felt, we apprehend, by *many* of the readers of this sumptuous publication."—Eclectic Review.

§. "Perhaps we have no very solid ground of complaint if, in the course of this nobleman's details the man of rank is *more prominent* than the man of *science*; and if on the whole they contribute to our amusement *rather* than to our *wisdom*."—Monthly Review.

"These volumes are *valuable* in a commercial view†: they are yet *more so*, when their claims to *scientific distinction* are fairly considered.—The scenes described in the First Volume are not perhaps new to the majority of our readers; but the situation of the traveller, his attainments, and his advantages, have enabled him to present an air of novelty to most of them,

§. The recurrence of this mark § distinguishes the classes in which the extracts are arranged, according to the principal subject of each.—SATIRIST.

† There can be no doubt of it. The price of the superior edition is *Twelve Guineas*; and of the inferior one, *Nine*.—SATIRIST.



and to us at least *much information* of the *most interesting* kind in all.\*—We now enter upon the Second Volume; and shall briefly point out to our readers those particular portions, which, as they have communicated to us much and real interest and satisfaction, and a *material portion* of *information* also, it may be presumed that they will do the same to many others."†—British Critic.

"The two latter volumes contain a *good portion* of *valuable information*."—Eclectic Review.

§. "The *narrative* is altogether *entertaining*, though the entertainment, which it affords is rather of that *chit-chat* kind which passes lightly off the memory," &c.—Critical Review (Appendix.)

"As a work of *entertainment*, this must always be resorted to.—The style of the narrative is NOT the lax and fluent *chit-chat* of a gay and thoughtless man of fashion," &c.—British Critic, and Preface.

§. "The first thing with which every reader will, it is pre-

\* "—To present an air of novelty to most of them, and much information in all." So much for the *grammar* of the British Critic.—SATIRIST.

† "—Those particular portions, *which*, as *they* have communicated," &c. "it may be presumed that *they* will do the same," &c. So much more for the *grammar* of the British Critic. The whole article on Lord Valentia's book, in that Review, is written in a style of *very peculiar* elegance; and the following extract from it may serve as a specimen also of modesty. "That Lord Valentia would have a host of cavilling and carping opponents to encounter we were *ourselves* well aware, and he must of course have expected. What can a lord know of commerce, exclaims one? what of the profound and complicated arcana of the East India Company? mutters many a murmur, not loud, but deep, from Leadenhall-street; what of style and composition? prattles the *ephemeral critic* of some *butterfly magazine*. All this, and much more, was to be expected. WE, HOWEVER, who are actuated, by no undue leanings of *prejudice*, who compromise no principle, who have for many a long year spoken of books from their own *intrinsic merits*, dupes to no party, blinded by no system," &c! &c! &c! &c!—SATIRIST.

sumed, be impressed, is the *easy, elegant, and unaffected style* of the narrative."—British Critic.

"The *prolixity* of the *style*, and the *egotism* of narrative, will be overlooked by those who read for the sake of instruction."—Beau Monde.

§. "The character," &c. "impress us with a *very favourable* idea of the noble traveller's discrimination and *sagacity*.—There are two portions of these volumes upon which it has been our uniform opinion that the noble writer might securely rest his reputation, for *sagacity* in political observation, and for *all the essential qualities* of an *accomplished traveller*.—This latter division of the work will *ever* be so *esteemed* for its *undoubted claims to original discovery*, and *novelty of observation*," &c.—British Critic.

"The first perception of defect will probably be, that the writer is *not* eminently an *original*, speculative, *seguacious observer*."—Eclectic Review.

"The *great defect* of Lord Valentia, as of many other *travellers*, is a *want* of that *comprehensive knowledge* which teaches us to form general conclusions from the particular objects that are offered to our observation."—Monthly Review.

§. "We cannot pass, without the *commendation* it deserves, the *unaffected zeal* with which, on *every proper occasion*, Lord Valentia *advocates* the cause of *christianity*; neither is this done in an ostentatious or obtrusive manner, but it appears with *efficacy* and *energy* on *every suitable occasion*."—British Critic.

"—Had not our noble author, beyond all doubt, been duly *christened* and confirmed, and therefore 'renounced the devil and all his works,' we should really be liable to take all this for something strangely like an unequivocal declaration in *favour* of *idolatry*; and might be inclined to ask, from what quarter he can reasonably expect his reward, for *befriending* what is in direct *infernal hostility* against the *Almighty*, and doing it too in the full light of revelation."—Eclectic Review.

§. "Whatever parts of his lordship's splendid work may leave us to regret, or cause us to condemn; that portion of it which is

extracted from the *journal of Mr. Salt* is entitled to *unqualified commendation*.—His narrative is *never* encumbered by *superfluous*, nor rendered insipid by *frivolous, details*.—Critical Review, and Appendix.

“*Mr. Salt's journal* participates in *all the faults*, and is *replete* with all the *consequential trifles* concerning himself and his English companions, which so eminently distinguish the narrative of Lord Valentia.”—Beau Monde.

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4. An oration delivered on laying the first Stone of the new Gravel-pit Meeting-house in Paradise Field, Hackney; by Robert Aspland, Minister of the Gravel-pit Congregation.

“Mr. Aspland, whose *talents* are an *ornament* to the denomination of christians to which he belongs, has here exhibited a brief but *animated sketch*,” &c.—Critical Review.

“If any of our readers give Mr. Aspland credit for extraordinary *talent*, or even for ordinary modesty, the announcement of this ‘Oration’ may excite *expectations* which it is our duty to *remove*. Its pretensions to a high rank among literary performances, induced us to hurry through its *flimsy* and *affected* paragraphs,” &c.—“A *common-place* harangue, terminating with a *most aukward, laboured, and puerile, sally* of rhetoric,” &c.—Eclectic Review.

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5. *Memoirs of Frederick and Margaret Klopstock*, translated from the German by Miss Elizabeth Smith.\*

“Besides a considerable collection of letters between the poet and his friends, which certainly tend to make us more acquainted with the author of the Messiah than any previous publication, we

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\* This publication forms also a second volume of the “Fragments in Prose and Verse,” by the same author, (noticed in the Comparative department of our last Number; and is examined by the Critical Review under that title.—SATIRIST.



have in this volume the *very interesting* letters of his first wife ; some of whose correspondence attracted so much attention, from the *natural and tender simplicity* of her style, in a work which has been edited by Mrs. Barbauld."—Monthly Review.

"As to the letters of the poet and his" first "wife, they are the *merest uxorious dotage* in Germany. \* They are well enough translated, we dare say ; but they were *not at all worth translating*. The *fulsome* letters from Mrs. Klopstock to Richardson, which Mrs. Barbauld first published, and which are here repeated," &c. —Critical Review.

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6. The State of the Established Church ; in a Series of Letters to the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"This writer is to be *commended* for the *honesty* with which he specifies those abuses in the ecclesiastical administration, and those defects of many of its members, which all its enlightened friends regard as real grounds of apprehension."—Eclectic Review.

"We have, alas ! too sufficient evidence daily before our eyes, that whoever takes upon himself to *revile* the established clergy, will be listened to with avidity, and that his *pernicious* opinions will be received with an attention utterly inconsistent with all the charities of the gospel—We are called upon to reject the insinuations of the author on this subject, as equally *false* and *wicked*. We are unwilling to distress our readers by further extracts from this *virulent* and *wretched* publication."—Antijacobin Review.

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7 The Associate Minstrels.

"Observing various signatures to the poems composing this

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\* This was certainly rather a *singular* weakness in Mrs. Klopstock. We do not often hear of *uxorious ladies*.—SATIRIST.

volume, we presume that the contributors are several; but this is of little importance: the chief point is, that the poems are good, which may be said of them perhaps *without a single exception*. The first poem in the collection is on Silence. This is a subject which afforded many far-fetched conceits to the metaphysical poets. But no such *trifling* will here be found. The whole is the result of genuine feeling, under the guidance of *correct taste*. This *fine poem* is almost the only one in the collection which has NO SIGNATURE. That *poetical taste* and *genius* abound among us at this period, *much more* perhaps than at any former time, has long been our firm persuasion. Were the matter doubtful, *this volume* alone, the work apparently of six or more writers, might almost decide it.—This anonymous collection of small poems is marked with *talent* and *poetical feeling* sufficient to distinguish *every coadjutor*.”—British Critic, and Preface.

“The longest poem is entitled ‘Silence’ and is written by the most liberal contributor, who adopts the SIGNATURE, ‘C.’ This production is *full of inconsistencies*; which indeed will readily be conjectured, when we mention the postulate upon which the poem is founded, that ‘there are sounds which Silence loves to hear!’ Nothing but the admission of this doctrine, we apprehend, can protect certain parts of the poem from the charge of *nonsense*. Our author’s *allegory* is *by no means well sustained*, but *continually* vacillates between an *absurdity* and a *riddle*. In fact, Silence is a much better subject for an *enigma\** than for so good a poem as this; which has many individual beauties, though as a whole *extremely exceptionable†*.—The next in order of these

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What the deuce is that? a very few lines afterward, we find “*impersonated!*”—SATIRIST.

† This last sentence is in the precise style of the Eclectic Review; which, in the distribution of praise and blame throughout its criticisms, continually reminds us of what Peter Pindar says of “that *gentle Satirist*, Squire Pope,”

“Who if he prais’d a man, ’twas in a tone

That made his praise like bunches of sweet-briar;

Which, while a *pleasing fragrance* it bestows,

Pops out a *pretty prickle* on your nose.”—SATIRIST.

Associates is a writer who would do so much honour to either sex, that nothing but the most decisive evidence could prevent us from claiming her as our own. With a masculine vigour of intellect and justness of taste, she combines a tenderness a vivacity and an elegance," &c.—“ It would not be difficult to select some very pleasing passages from the contributions of the other writers; but we have said enough to recommend the Associate Minstrels to the patronage of our readers, and it would answer no useful end to attempt an accurate distribution of praise among so amiable a circle.”—Eclectic Review.

“ What personage may our readers suppose the authors of the following couplet to be addressing? The personage is Silence; who in this ‘conversation’ must certainly surpass even the Irishman’s echo. We however decline any further intercourse with her, or her ‘associate minstrels,’ than will suffice to remark that we felt an unfeigned pleasure in hearing ‘the associate minstrels’ say, at the end of their volume, ‘We sigh, and bid the tuneful choir A sad, a long, a last farewell.’”—Monthly Review.







General pit

The Centaur-ian



Manager.